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Heavy Metal Vol. II, No. 12 April 1979

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MADONNA

By CURTIS KING

...TWENTY-FIVE...

We happen to know, personally, two people who have actually *seen Alien*. They convinced Twentieth Century-Fox that they couldn't possibly do the portfolio of stills and designs from the film planned for this issue without seeing it. They were flown to England, blindfolded at Heathrow, driven to a screening room somewhere, watched, were sworn to secrecy according to some ancient Sicilian rite, and returned home, safe but not necessarily sound. Both are s/f horror movie buffs, given to patronizing laughter at most allegedly terrorizing flicks. Both were scared, in their mutually elegant phrase "shitless."

Next month, we will offer the beginning chapters of the illustrated version of *Alien*. Soon, we will bring you *The Book of Alien*, the story of the film's design and production, and *Alien: the Illustrated Story*, a full-length book version. All on the strength of Paul and Michael's assurance that it will scare you shitless, too. There's nothing we won't do for our loyal readers.

Howie Chaykin's latest Gideon Faust adventure, also 'twixt these covers, might also make a dynamite film. Musical? One-act play? Rock opera? The anti-totalitarian Mr. Chaykin is open to offers.

This is our second anniversary issue, so we're all giving each other presents. Wish you were here.

Illustration by Robert K. LeRose

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SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $15.00 paid annual subscription, $26.00 paid two-year subscription, and $33.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and foreign. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: *New York:* Colin Wight, Advertising Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-4070. *Chicago:* William H. Sanke, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601 (312) 346-7145. *West Coast:* Lowell Fox and Associates, 16200 Ventura Boulevard, Encino, Ca. 91436 (213) 990-2950. *Southern Offices:* Brown & Company, Northside Tower, Suite 407, 6065 Roswell Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30328 (404) 252-9820.

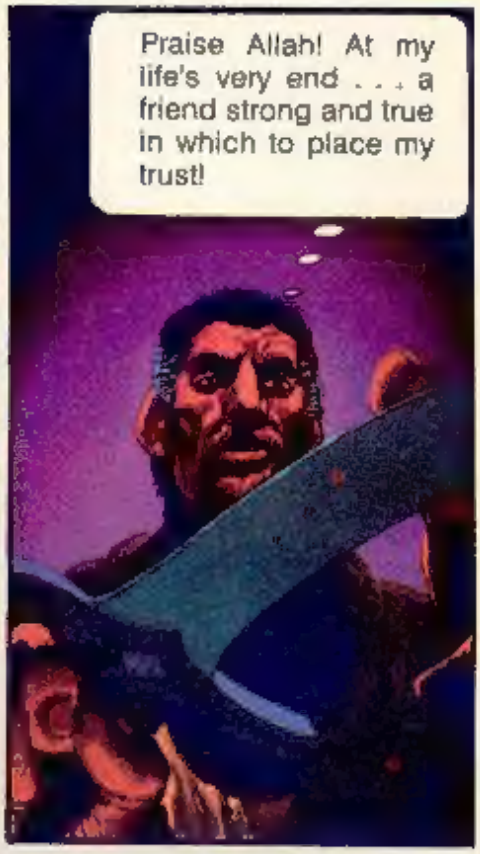
EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

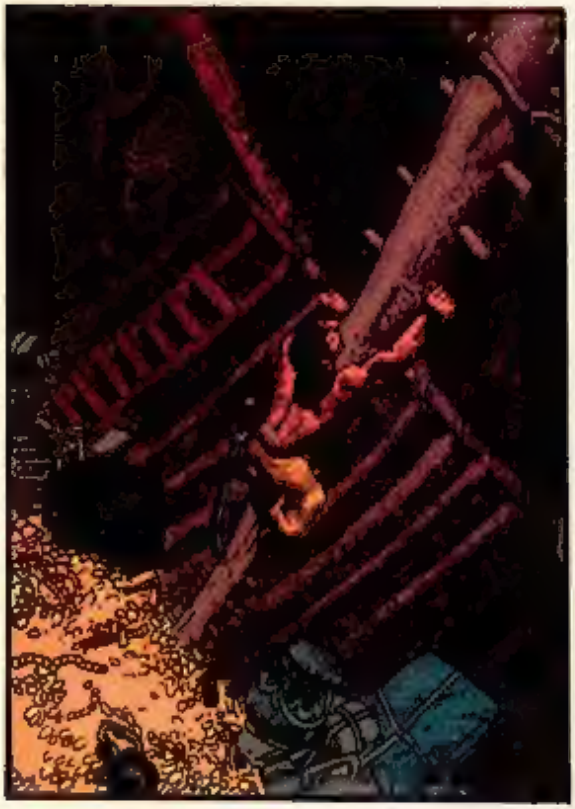
"I came to my senses darkly aware that several hours could have passed while I lay unconscious. What little time I had to free my friends was certainly drawing to a close."
New Tales of the Arabian Nights
Sindbad in the Land of the Jinn
© 1979 Richard Corben and Jan Strnad

"I dug through the mounds of treasure, frantic and fearful as a rat, in search of a weapon for my final confrontation with Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif. I scorned many a fine-trimmed but fragile blade . . ."

". . . selecting, finally, a common sword with centuries of hard use apparent in its sturdy features."

"To my amazement the edge was still keen."





"I climbed cautiously to the upper deck, and . . . I was certain . . . to my death."

Aaaa!
WHAP!
THAP!
God, no!
Judar!

"At the sound of his name, the devil that was Judar hesitated and loosened his grip. So this was the fate of my caravan and former friends . . . the fate I'd brought upon them!"
By the love of Allah, what have I done to you, my friend . . . ?

"For a moment, recognition seemed to glimmer in Judar's eyes . . ."

". . . and then was gone."

GOING NATIVE

BY ENKI BILAL

Quoi ?

Pfff
PLIIIOURRRT

Ouf...

WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' TO TELL US? THAT HE'S JUST UP AN' GOT LOST?
AFFIRMATIVE. GODDAMN AH'VE TAKEN JES' ABOUT ENUFF SHIT FROM THAT THERE FUCKIN' ROBOT
SONOVABITCH! THIS IS A CATASTROPHE! YOU MAY HAVE TAKEN SOME SHIT, GOOD BUDDY, BUT THIS IS WORSE'N THAT! WITHOUT THAT ROBOT WE'RE GONNA DIE UP HERE!
AH KNOW, GOOD BUDDIES, AH KNOW' BUT MAYBE AH MEAN TO SAY AH KIN HANDLE THIS MAHSELF, SOMEHOW THAT IS..
6
IMPOSSIBLE, YOU OVERGROWN MORON! HE'S TH' ONLY THANG THAT K'IN LAND ARE SHIP DAMNIT, HE'S BIN PROGRAMMED TO DO IT
JESUS, THIS IS AWFUL PLAIN AWFUL' MAYBE IF AH TOOK ANOTHER LOOK-SEE?
WELL, GIT GOIN', THEN.' IF HE AIN'T PLUGGED INTO ARE CONTROLS INSIDE A TWO HOURS, HE'S GONNA BE LATE, AN' WE'RE GONNA END UP ORBITIN YOUR FUCKIN COLONIAL PLANET FER EVER, GOD HELP US'
AH'LL GIT RAT OF T' DON'T WORRY, AH'LL SAVE YOU
8

AH SEE HIM! DOWN THERE! BUT HE AIN'T ALONE! GODDAMN HE'S WITH SOME KINDA FEMALE! THIS IS PRETTY WEIRD
TIP!
OKAH GOOD BUDDIES! ALL PLUGGED IN AN READY TO GO! AH JES CAN'T WAIT TIL YOU GET DOWN HERE, BOYS! YAHOO!
ROGER! BUT NO FUNNY BUSINESS DOWN THERE, MIND!
AH BELIEVE AH'LL JES PASS THE TIME A' DAY WITH THIS HERE BLUE LADY AH'M CERTAIN IT'LL BE A REAL PLEASURE, WHATEVER THE HELL SHE IS
?
MAH AH HAVE TH' HONOR OF INTRODUCIN' MAHSELF MAAM! AH'M BILLY BURDEN, GAHNACOLOGIST AN' ASTROGENETICIST WON'T YOU-ALL JOIN ME IN MAH QUARTERS, HOWEVER HUMBLE!
?!
...!

AH'M A FAMOUS SPECIALIST, YES MA'AM.' SINCE, GENETICALLY SPEAKIN' THE CHALD IS THE FATHUH OF THE MAN, AH PUHSONALLY AM THE RATHUH SPECTACULAH OFFSPRING OF THE MATIN' OF A HUMAN FATHUH AN' A ROBOT MUTHUH! DOUBT LESS, YOU'VE NOTICED THE METALLIC LAIGS SO AH APPLIED THE PATERNAL METHOD OF CREATIN' THAT THERE ROBOT YOU'VE ALREADY MET DOUBTLESS YOU NOTICED HIS HUMAN LAIGS JE-HUH. AH'M REAL PROUD OF THE RESULTS..
AN YET THAT DAMN ROBOT IS REAL STUPID- LIKE HE CAIN'T THINK. HE CAIN'T HARDLY TALK
.. STILL, IT'S MAH SUPREME PUHSONAL AMBITION TO ARRANGE THE COSMIC MIS-CEGINATION OF A HUMAN AN A EXTRATERRESTRIAL! SO AH'M REAL PLEASED TO SEE THAT YOU MAH LITTLE BLUE LADY ARE PUHFECTLY CONSTRUCTED FOR SUCH AN EXPERI-MENT
IT'S A REAL EXCITIN' PROSPECT. HERE'S WHAT AH SUGGEST YOU AN ME FORM A.. HOW SHALL AH SAY? SEXUAL UNION, THAT IS, CONNECTION..
IT'S A GRAND OPPORTUNITY FOR THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE WHICH AH AN' THIS HERE BASE AN LANDIN DOCK HAVE THE HONOR TO REPRESENT
TIP
BUT O'COURSE THIS CALLS FOR TH APPRO-PRIATE GAWNACOLOGICAL EXAMINATION FIRST OFF, SO IF YOU'D LIKE TO LAH DOWN THERE AN' OPEN YOUR LAGS.
!@$% ?
SUFFERIN' SHIT! HAS THAT DAMN ROBOT GONE CRAZY, OR WHAT? HE'S DIS-CONNECTIN' US!!
TIP
CLIC CLAC
5

POW POW POW
WE'RE GONNA CRASH !!!
AAAAAA
TUP
TUP TUP TUP
6

THE END.

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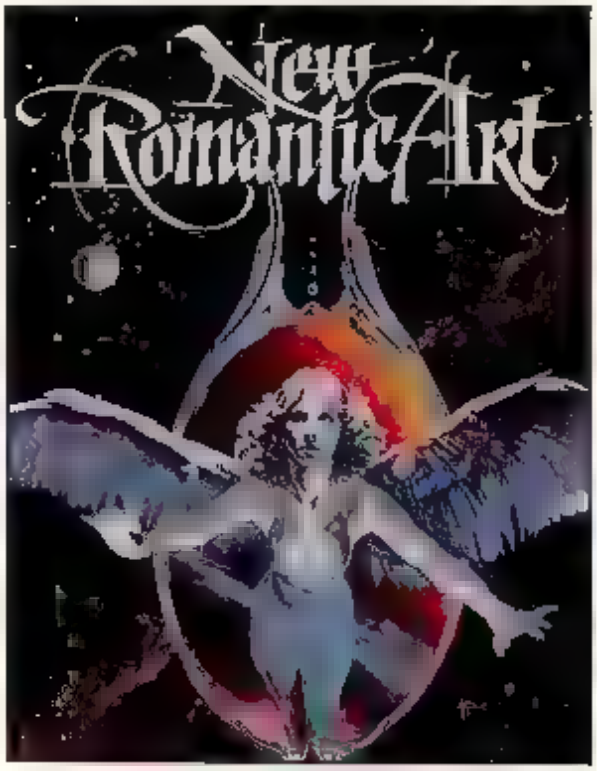

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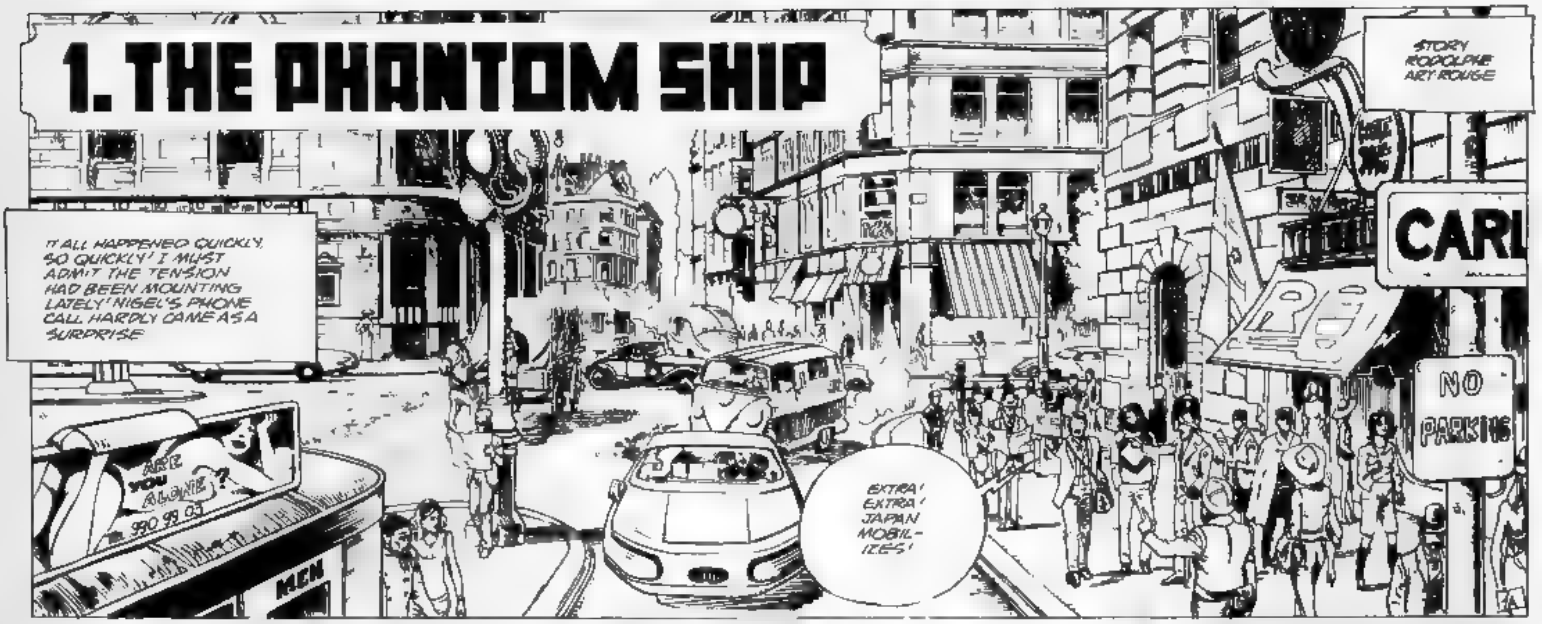
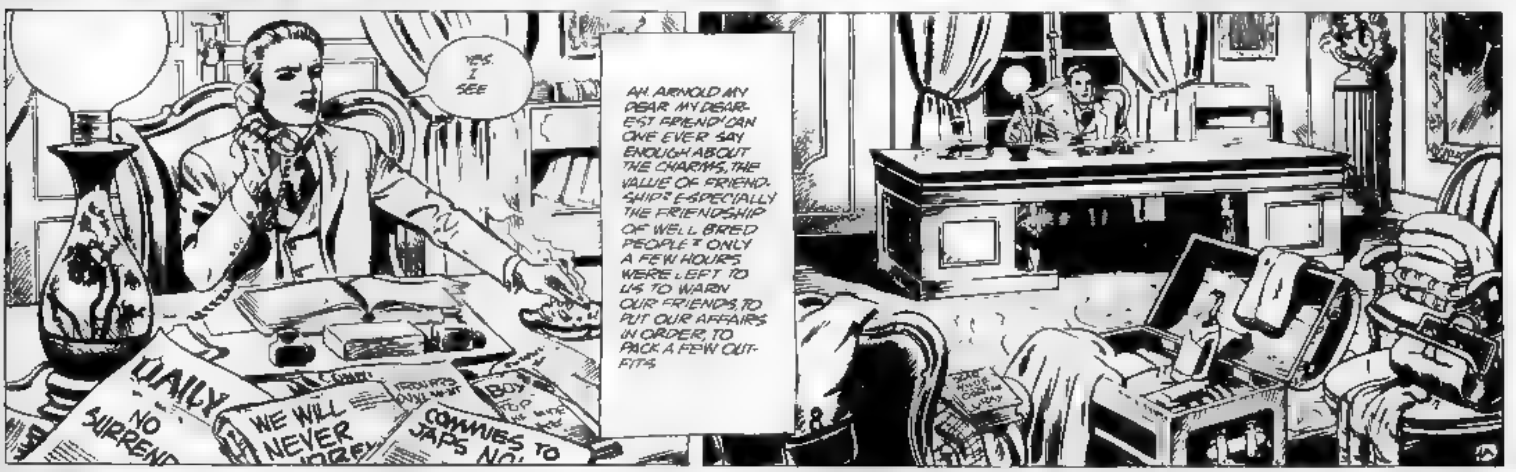
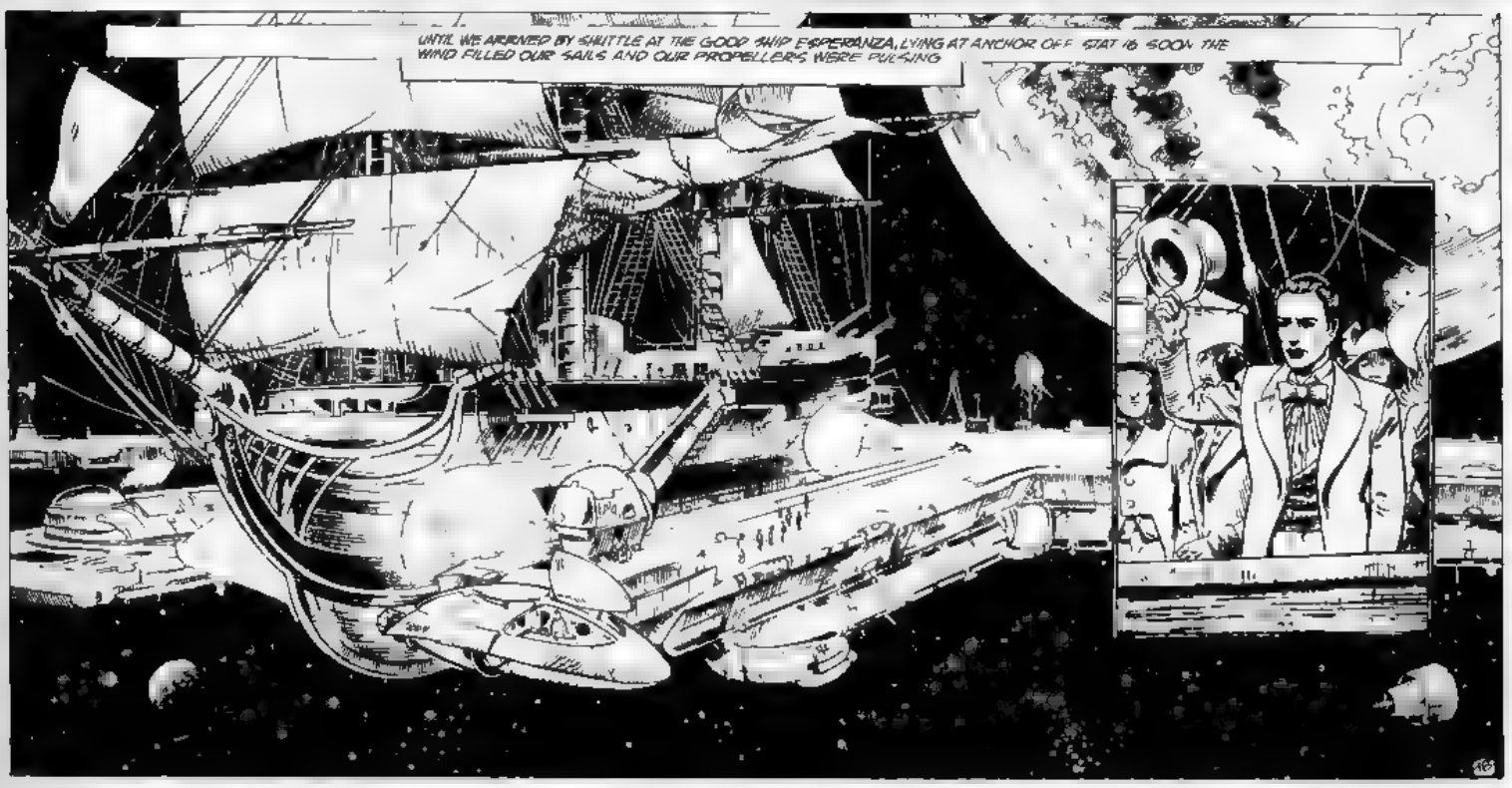
TALES OF THE LEGENDARY FUTURE

1. THE PHANTOM SHIP


STORY RODOLPHE ART ROUGE
IT ALL HAPPENED QUICKLY, SO QUICKLY! I MUST ADMIT THE TENSION HAD BEEN MOUNTING LATELY! NIGEL'S PHONE CALL HARDLY CAME AS A SURPRISE
ARE YOU ALONE? 390 99 03
MEN
EXTRA! EXTRA! JAPAN MOBILIZES!
NO PARKING


YES, I SEE
AH, ARNOLD MY DEAR, MY DEAREST FRIEND! CAN ONE EVER SAY ENOUGH ABOUT THE CHARMS, THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP? ESPECIALLY THE FRIENDSHIP OF WELL BRED PEOPLE? ONLY A FEW HOURS WERE LEFT TO US TO WARN OUR FRIENDS, TO PUT OUR AFFAIRS IN ORDER, TO PACK A FEW OUTFITS
DAILY
NO SURRENDER
WE WILL NEVER
COMMIES TO JAPS NO!

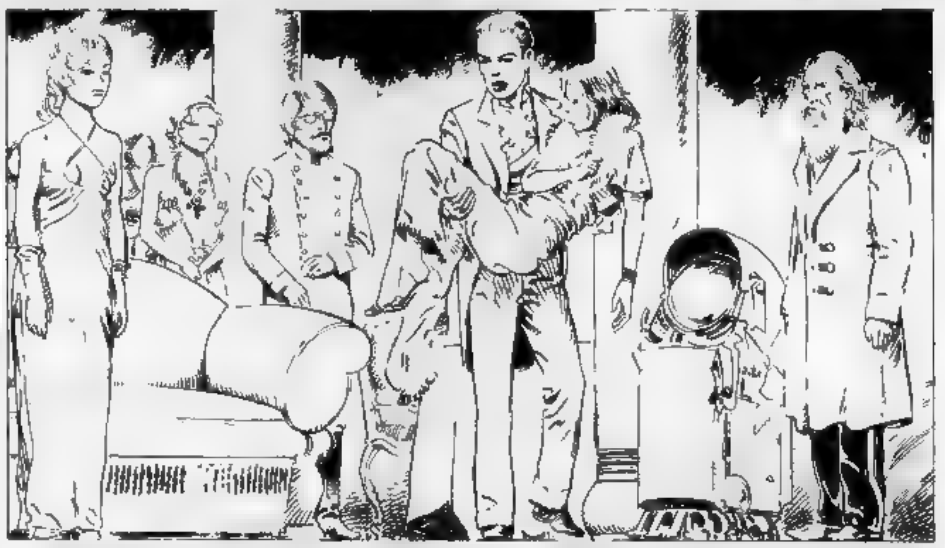

UNTIL WE ARRIVED BY SHUTTLE AT THE GOOD SHIP ESPERANZA, LYING AT ANCHOR OFF STAT 16. SOON THE WIND FILLED OUR SAILS AND OUR PROPELLERS WERE PULSING

YES?
TAP! TAP!
AH, WILLIAMS! MY GOOD MAN
SIR
Level of Alimentary Resources & Caloues as of June 6th
3rd Month
cereal grains none
seaweed proteins none
lactate 112... none
red wine 1/2 oz
white wine none
WILLIAMS, THERE'S NO NEED TO SULK. WE HAD NINETY DAYS OF PROVISIONS, AND HERE WE ARE AT THE END OF A THREE MONTH CROSSING - AND EVERYTHING'S JUST FINE!
AHEM!
YES?
AH, YOU HERE'S OUR FRIEND THE CAPTAIN

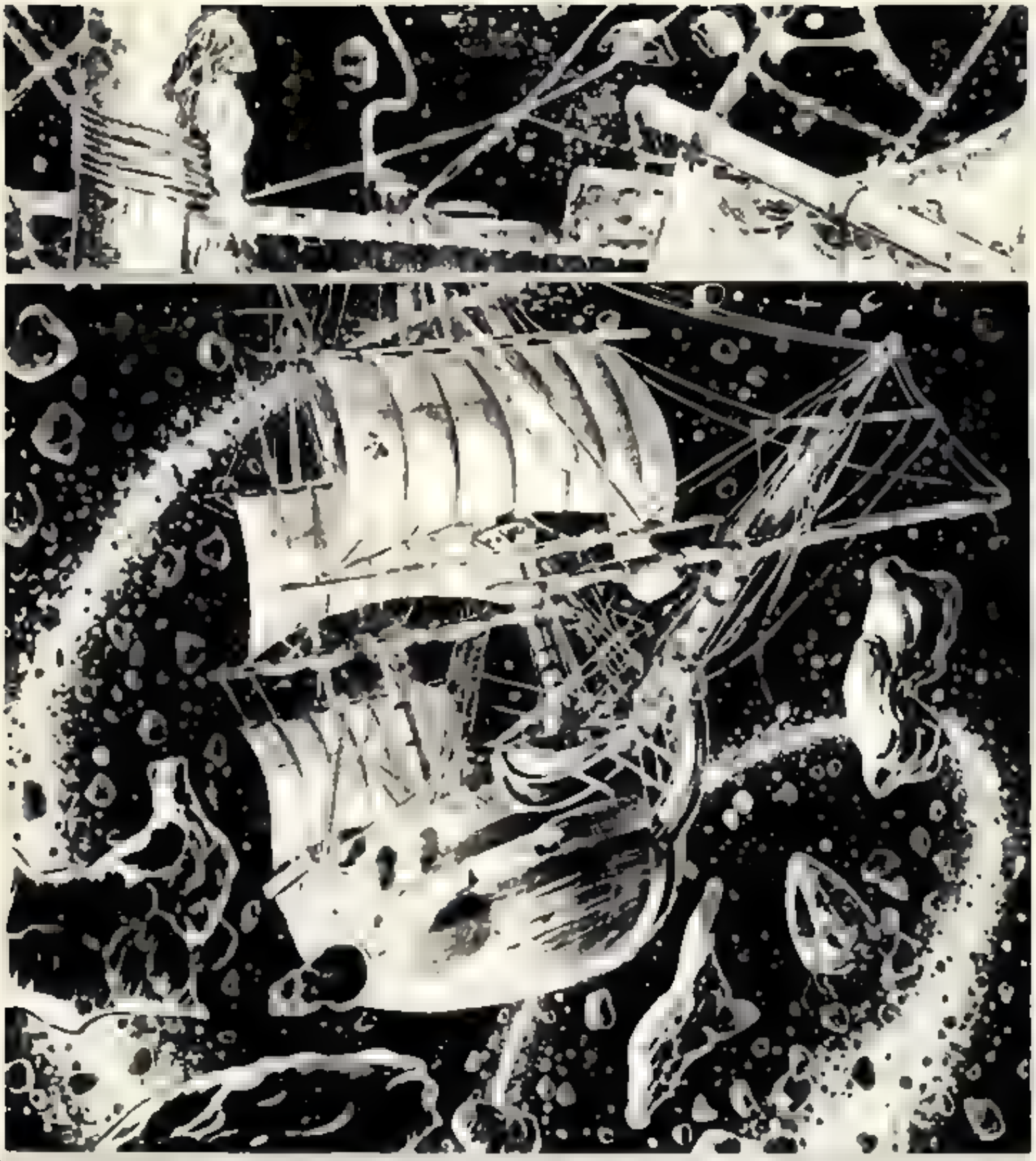
SIR IT IS MY DUTY TO INFORM YOU THAT THE OXYGEN RESERVES ARE
SPACE
NIGEL I SAY, NIGEL!
COMING!
?!
AS I WAS SAYING, SIR, ABOUT THE OXYGEN
OH WILLIAMS, WHILE I'M THINKING ABOUT IT, I INTEND TO GIVE A PARTY LATER, IN HONOR OF OUR FELLOW PASSENGERS YOU WILL FIND A CASE OF CHAMPAGNE IN STOREROOM II THE LAST ONE LEFT I BELIEVE IN THAT PRECIOUS INVENTORY OF YOURS AS FOR YOU CAPTAIN I AM ABSOLUTELY COUNTING ON YOUR PRESENCE AMONG US THIS EVENING
NOW THEN WHAT'S ALL THIS EH?
IT'S LYDIA SHE'S
NOT AGAIN

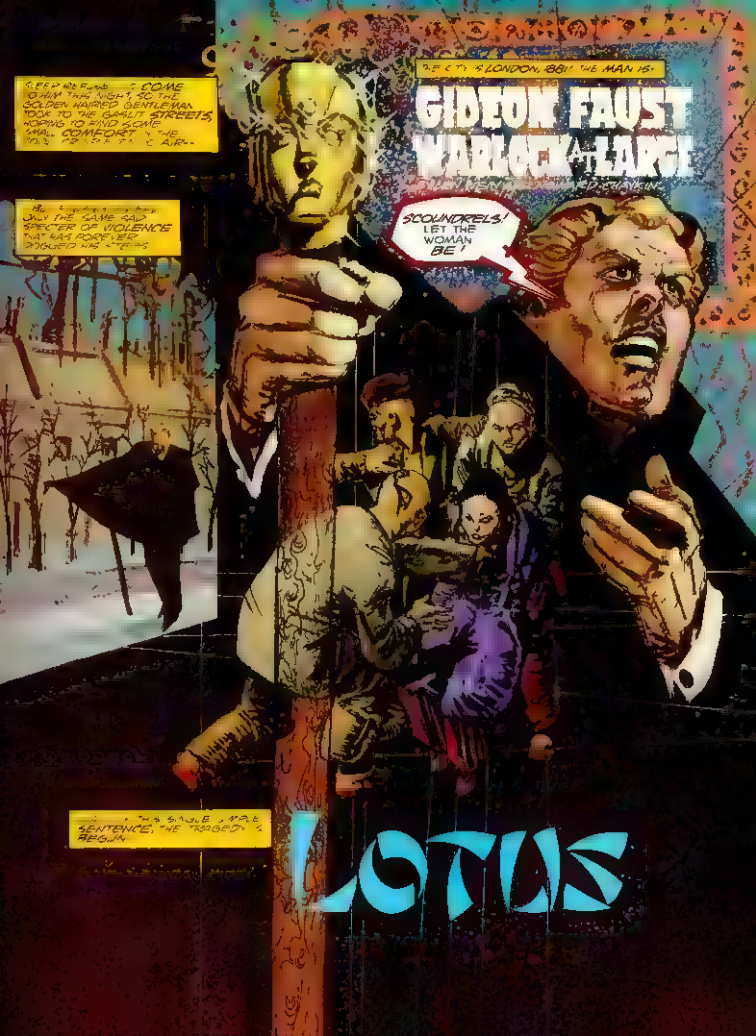
AND YOU, TOO, WITH YOUR AFFECTED WAYS! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND? THEY'RE DEAD! ALL OF THEM, DEAD! OUR FRIENDS, OUR FAMILIES, OUR CHILDREN!—DEAD, DEAD, DEAD! THE EARTH IS DEAD! EVERYTHING BLOOD, SLIME, DEATH!
!

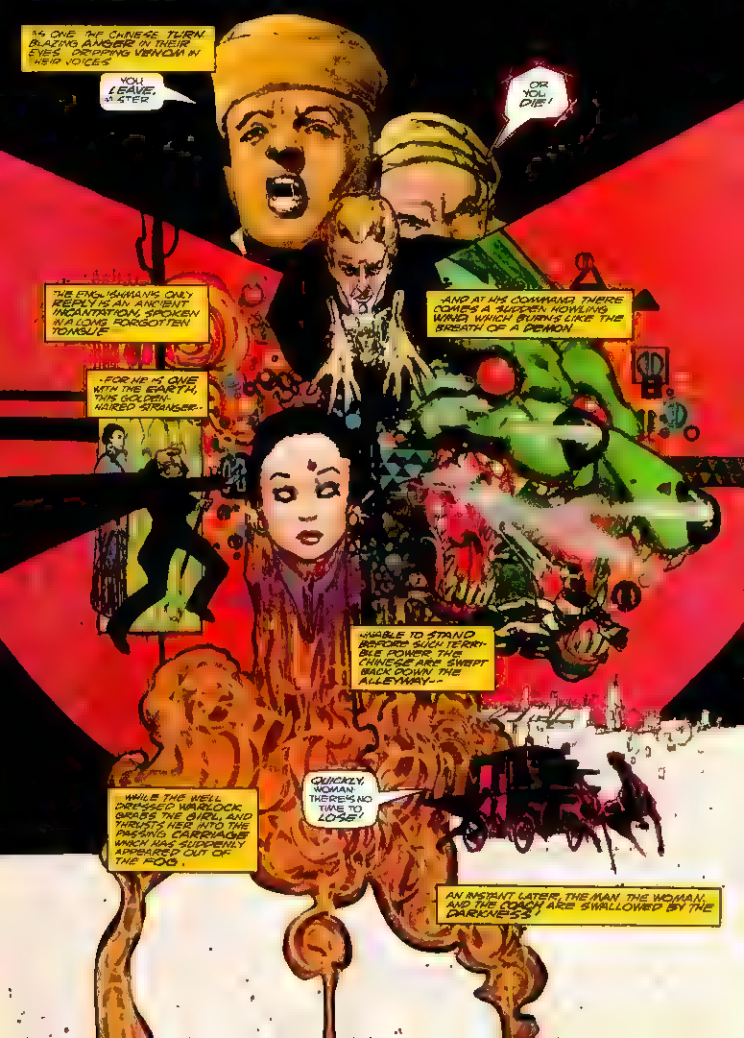
DEAD! DEAD!
HELP ME!



BUT NO ONE WOULD DREAM OF REPROACHING YOU. IN FACT, I'M SURE YOU'RE RIGHT. YOU'VE PERFECTLY RIGHT AND YOU KNOW THAT ALL OF THIS BEING UNDERNEATH IS PART OF THAT SAME NIGHTMARE
HERE, DRINK THIS. IT WILL CALM YOU.
OH YASEL
MARY
I SAID THAT'S ALL RIGHT DARLING YOU WILL JUMP!
TELL ME CAPTAIN, HAVE YOU SET A COURSE FOR THE CAPE AS RECOMMENDED?
WELL, I'M NOT QUITE THERE'S NOTHING TO PREVENT YOU FROM SO DOING IF YOU WISH

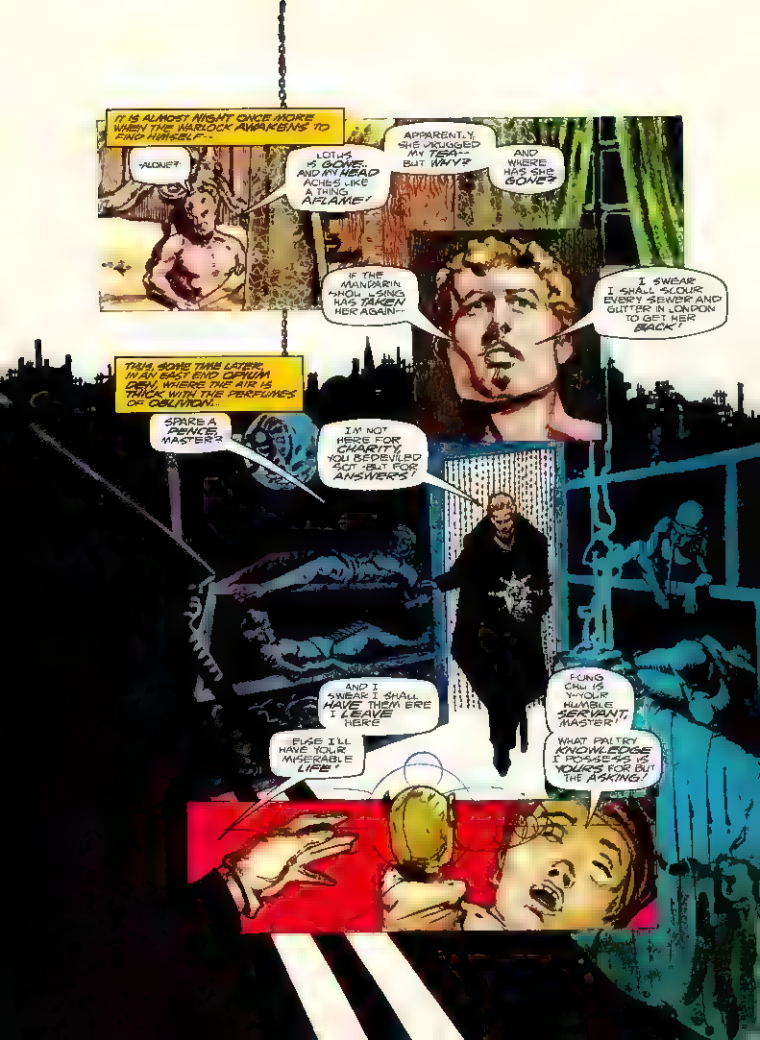



LET'S LONDON, 1881 THE MAN IS
GIDEON FAUST
WARLOCK AT LARGE
SCOUNDRELS! LET THE WOMAN BE!
LOTUS

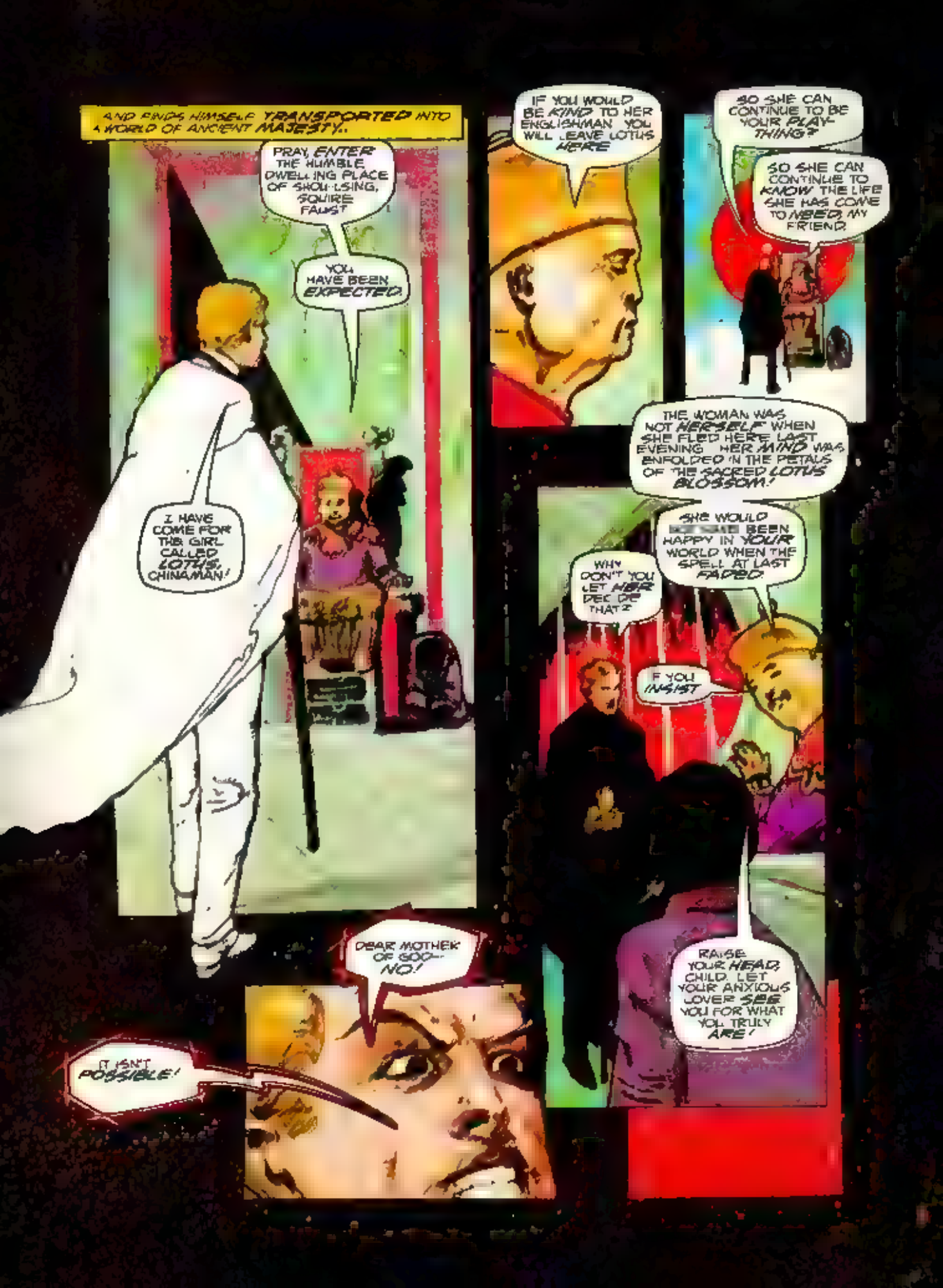

AS ONE, THE CHINESE TURN, BLAZING ANGER IN THEIR EYES, DRIPPING VENOM IN THEIR VOICES
YOU LEAVE, SISTER.
OR YOU DIE!
THE ENGLISHMAN'S ONLY REPLY IS AN ANCIENT INCANTATION, SPOKEN IN A LONG FORGOTTEN TONGUE
AND AT HIS COMMAND THERE COMES A SUDDEN HOWLING WIND WHICH BLOWS LIKE THE BREATH OF A DEMON
-FOR HE IS ONE WITH THE EARTH, THIS GOLDEN HAIRED STRANGER--
UNABLE TO STAND BEFORE SUCH TERRIBLE POWER THE CHINESE ARE SWEPT BACK DOWN THE ALLEYWAY--
WHILE THE WELL DRESSED WARLOCK GRABS THE GIRL, AND THROWS HER INTO THE PASSING CARRIAGE WHICH HAS SUDDENLY APPEARED OUT OF THE FOG.
QUICKLY, WOMAN THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!
AN INSTANT LATER, THE MAN, THE WOMAN, AND THE COACH ARE SWALLOWED BY THE DARKNESS

AND WHEN THE DARKNESS INSIDE THE CARRIAGE WAS BANISHED...
I-I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, MY LORD--! FROM WITHOUT, THIS APPEARED TO BE A COACH, BUT FROM WITHIN
IT IS INDEED A COACH, DEAR GIRL, BUT IT IS ALSO MY HOME!
AND I PREFER TO LIVE COMFORTABLY!
MY NAME IS GIDEON FAUST, MY DEAR. AND YOURS?
I HAVE NO NAME. I AM MERELY CALLED LOTUS
TONIGHT I FLED THE SERAGLIO OF MY CRUEL MASTER THE MANDARIN SHOU-LAING--AND HE SENT HIS MINIONS TO RECAPTURE ME
BUT YOU HAVE SAVED ME, MY LORD. AND FROM THIS MOMENT FORTH MY FATE IS YOURS
YOU OWE ME NOTHING, LOTUS. I MERELY ACTED AS WOULD ANY GENTLEMAN
OH, BUT I DO, MY LORD. NOTHING WOULD GIVE ME GREATER PLEASURE
AND I PRAY IT IS A PLEASURE MY LORD WILL COME TO SHARE
VODDAKS POLITE, THE MAN CALLED FAUST SIPS THE BITTERSWEET BREW.
AS YOU WISH, MY LORD. BUT MAY THIS HUMBLE ONE AT LEAST BE PERMITTED TO PREPARE YOUR EVENING TEA?
WELL... IF YOU INSIST.
VARDA, TASTING THE DELICATE PETALS WHICH HAVE DISSOLVED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CUP

AND WHEN, AT LAST, HE LOWERS THE CUP, FAUST SEES THE WAILING LOTTE IN A WHOLLY DIFFERENT LIGHT!
SUDDENLY, SHE IS EVERY WOMAN HE HAS EVER DESIRED—SHE IS SHY, YET SEDUCTIVE—A TREMBLING INNOCENT, YET A WILDLY ABANDONED WANTON!
HE REACHES FOR HER! PULLS HER HUNGRILY INTO HIS ARMS! AND SHE GOES WILLINGLY!
THE HOURS THAT FOLLOW, ARE A MIASMA OF SHEER UNADULTERATED SENSATION— THEIR JOINING IS SAVAGE AT FIRST THEN TENDER, THEN FRANTIC THEN SLOW
AND NO MAN AND WOMAN EVER LOVED MORE FULLY— OR IN THE MORE DESPERATION


IT IS ALMOST NIGHT ONCE MORE WHEN THE WARLOCK AWAKENS TO FIND HIMSELF...
"ALONE?
LOTUS IS GONE. AND MY HEAD ACHES LIKE A THING AFLAME!
APPARENTLY, SHE DRUGGED MY TEA-- BUT WHY?
AND WHERE HAS SHE GONE?
IF THE MANDARIN SHOU-LAO HAS TAKEN HER AGAIN--
I SWEAR I SHALL SCOUR EVERY SEWER AND GUTTER IN LONDON TO GET HER BACK!
THUS, SOME TIME LATER, IN AN EAST END OPIUM DEN, WHERE THE AIR IS THICK WITH THE PERFUMES OF OBLIVION...
SPARE A PENCE, MASTER?
I'M NOT HERE FOR CHARITY, YOU BEDEVILED SOT--BUT FOR ANSWERS!
AND I SWEAR I SHALL HAVE THEM ERE I LEAVE HERE!
ELSE I'LL HAVE YOUR MISERABLE LIFE!
FUNG CHU IS YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT, MASTER!
WHAT PALTRY KNOWLEDGE I POSSESS IS YOURS FOR BUT THE ASKING!

10 MINUTES LATER -- A SECLUDED TOWNHOUSE ON KESSEL STREET
THE FRONT DOOR-- LOCKED AND BOLTED!
BUT NOTHING SHALL STAY ME FROM RESCUING THIS PRECIOUS LOTUS ONCE MORE!
NOTHING
NOT THICK WOODEN BARRICADES-- NOT KNIFE WIELDING BARBARIANS--
BRAVING A GAUNTLET OF SMOLDERING FLESH BEHIND HIM, THE VETORIAN AVENGER REACHES THE GREAT GOLDEN DOORWAY AT THE CORRIDOR'S END. . . . OPEN--


AND FINDS HIMSELF TRANSPORTED INTO A WORLD OF ANCIENT MAJESTY..
PRAY, ENTER THE HUMBLE DWELLING PLACE OF SHOU-LSING, SQUIRE FAUST
YOU HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.
I HAVE COME FOR THE GIRL CALLED LOTUS, CHINAMAN!
IF YOU WOULD BE KIND TO HER ENGLISHMAN YOU WILL LEAVE LOTUS HERE
SO SHE CAN CONTINUE TO BE YOUR PLAY-THING?
SO SHE CAN CONTINUE TO KNOW THE LIFE SHE HAS COME TO NEED, MY FRIEND.
THE WOMAN WAS NOT HERSELF WHEN SHE FLED HERE LAST EVENING HER MIND WAS ENFOLDED IN THE PETALS OF THE SACRED LOTUS BLOSSOM!
SHE WOULD [redacted] BEEN HAPPY IN YOUR WORLD WHEN THE SPELL AT LAST FADED.
WHY DON'T YOU LET HER DECIDE THAT?
IF YOU INSIST
RAISE YOUR HEAD, CHILD. LET YOUR ANXIOUS LOVER SEE YOU FOR WHAT YOU TRULY ARE!
DEAR MOTHER OF GOD-- NO!
IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!

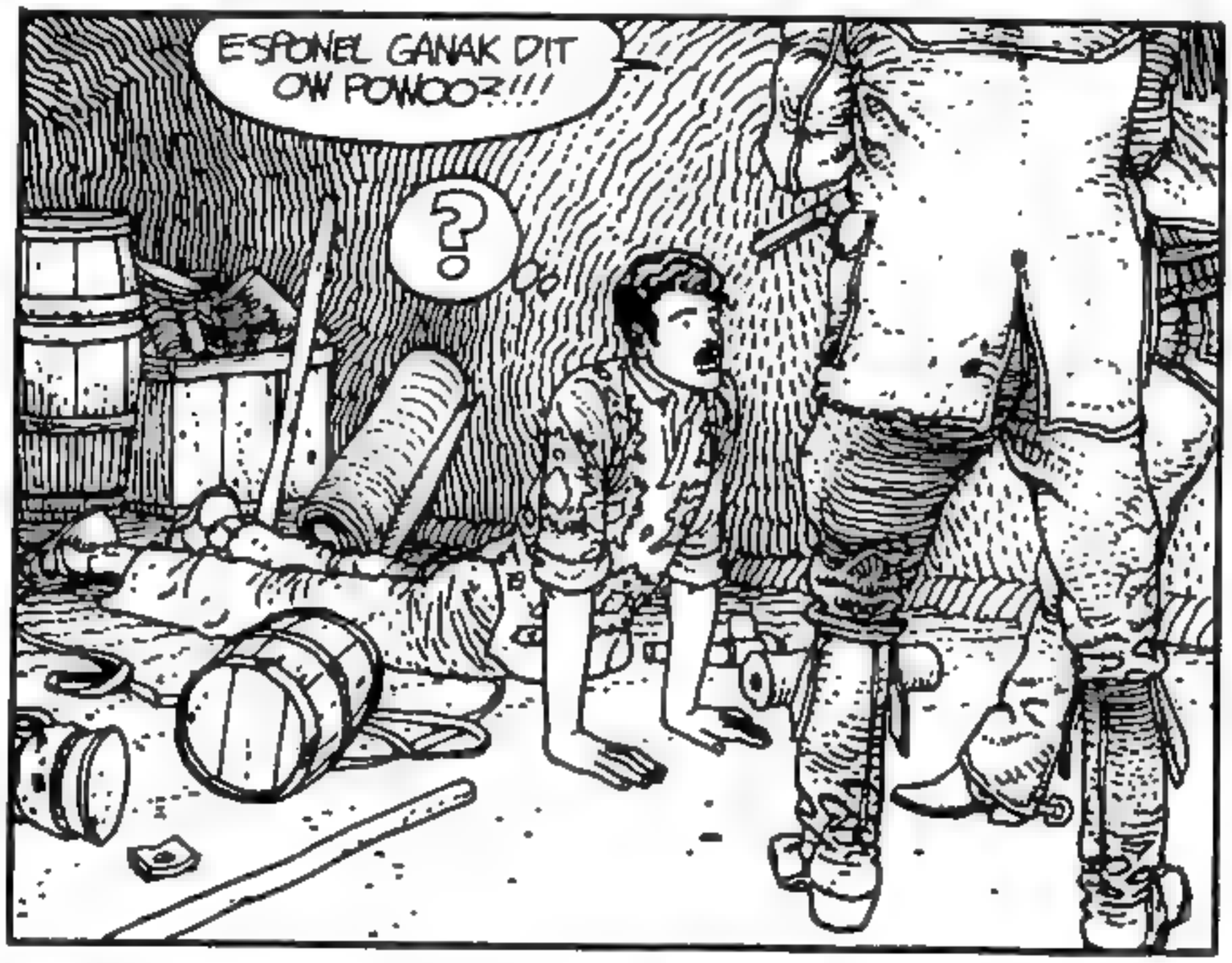
LOTUS?
OH, MY PRECIOUS LOTUS
PLEASE, MY LORD--TAKE ME AWAY FROM HERE
I CAN BE AS IT WAS, JUST NOW AGAIN
"OH, UNHOLY FIEND! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HER?
I HAVE DONE NOTHING. THE LOTUS YOU SEE IS THE LOTUS THAT IS.
NOT THE LOTUS SHE WISHES TO BE
LAST NIGHT YOU SHARED HER DREAM WITH HER. YOU SAW HER AS SHE SEES HER SELF AND THUS YOU WERE DOUBLY BLESSED
AND YOU MAY STILL HAVE HER YOU NEED BUT PARTAKE OF THE SACRED LOTUS BLOSSOM--
I LOVED HER
--AND HER DREAM WILL BE YOURS FOREVER.
FORGIVE ME, LOTUS. BUT I HAVE NO TIME FOR DREAMS
END.

THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE OF JERRY CORNELIUS

COUNTRY AND WESTERN INTERLUDE

STORY TO DATE: YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET...

by MOEBIUS



ZIK IRG!... STONE VOH OTH POWOO!?
THIS ISN'T POSSIBLE! THIS PLACE CAN'T BE NORMANDY...
THERES ONLY ONE EXPLANATION: THE TRANSMITTER SCREWED UP!
SEDIR PONESPIQUE HPORTOBAN VORST
VORST!...
IZ!!!... OCK OCK!

VOSS CIAHEET?

ONDREW OZ BAAL! PORTOBAN VORST OOK POWOO!...

OCH JOLIOT BOUDOW!... JTON CHPLIN CHLIE!...

GOOD LORD! A MAN FROM THE CIGURI!...

NICEBIKIS

TO BE CONTINUED...

YOU SEE GENERAL, IT'S NOT SO MUCH THE POLITICAL INFLUENCE OF THESE NATIVES AS THEIR WAY OF THINKING, THEIR ROOTS, SO TO SPEAK, THAT WE HAVE TO DESTROY..

BESIDES, REBEL AGENTS HAVE INFILTRATED EVERY LEVEL OF THE SOCIAL STRUCTURE..

THE STRANGE MISSION THE STRANGE MISSION THE STRANGE M

NO SWEAT. THIS MAN COMES RECOMMENDED BY THE HIGHEST SOURCES HE'S TAKEN PART IN MANY OF THESE OPERATIONS HE'S ONE OF OURS.

JUST THE SAME, HE'S A SMUGGLER, AND NOT A VERY PARTICULAR ONE, AT THAT.

BAR

HERE WE ARE.

BY MR. PICOTTO

LLOYDZ

A PLEASURE! HERE ARE YOUR ORDERS, AND HALF THE MONEY IN ADVANCE.

EX-CELLENT! I'LL WEIGH ANCHOR AT THE LOADING DOCK!

I AM CAPTAIN LLOYD OF THE U.S. TITAN.

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN...

BLAM B

CAPTAIN, WAS IT REALLY NECESSARY TO ZAP THOSE TWO FEDS?

ORDERS ARE ORDERS. THIS BUSINESS IS TOO SECRET AND TOO IMPORTANT TO TAKE RISKS.

NEW BENGAL

CONTINENTAL BAY.

ROUTE OF THE U.S. TITAN

REBEL ISLAND

A WEEK LATER, ON THE RIVER CUTTING THROUGH THE REBEL ISLAND, DEEP IN THE HEART OF REBEL TERRITORY..

YOU SEEM KIND OF NERVOUS, CAPTAIN...

I'M THINKING OF A PLAN THAT WILL DEPOSIT OUR CARGO SMACK DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF THE REBEL FRONT... TO DO MAXIMUM DAMAGE TO THEIR FORCES...

I DUNNO, CAPTAIN... THAT'D BE TOTALLY IMMORAL. I MEAN, I KNOW THIS IS WAR, BUT...

WE AREN'T PAID TO THINK WE'RE NOT PHILOSOPHERS. WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO...

BUT OTHER EYES ARE WATCHING...

AND OTHERS ACT WITHOUT MERCY.

CAPTAIN! LOOK UP FRONT!

?

AN ICEBERG? HERE?...

RIGHT AT THE BEND IN THE RIVER.. WE'RE GONNA COLLIDE!

A TYPE-TWO AMBUSH BASED ON MYTHICAL SUBCONSCIOUS CONNECTIONS, MENTAL STRESS, AND AMBIVALENCE.

COORDINATED PSYCHOLOGICAL ACTION AND REACTION.

CRACK

I GUESS IT CAUGHT UP WITH US...

AS A RESULT OF THIS ACTION, THE REBELS ESCAPED EXTERMINATION. THE AUTHORITIES DID NOT LEARN OF LLOYD'S DEATH FOR SEVERAL WEEKS... HIS DEFEAT WAS TAKEN AS A SIGN, AND THESE MARINE OPERATIONS WERE ABANDONED BY THE FEDERALS AS TOTALLY UNDERMINED BY REBEL PROPAGANDA.

.FIN.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1 APRIL 1977 With Space Punks the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara* Harzak and more ($5.00)

HM #2 MAY 1977 introducing Roger the paranoid puppet Virgo the cosmic maiden Russian astronauts Conquering Armies the ultimate rock festival while Harzak Sunpot and Den continue ($4.00)

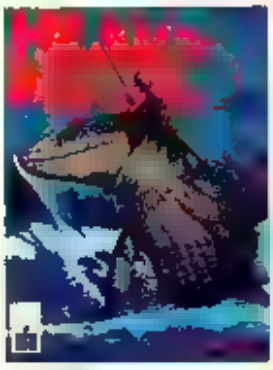
HM #3 JUNE 1977 Features *Night* images poetry by Conan's creator Robert E Howard with illustrations by Corben Macedo's Rockoliz the highly praised Skiels the first chapter of Davis's World Apart more Den Sunpot and Harzak ($3.00)

HM #4 JULY 1977 is a must for Moebius fans with 12 pages of Harzak and his 4th spy saga. The Long Tomorrow also the end of Sunpot further adventures of Den the psychic Nap Simo and the horrible Gold Queen ($3.00)

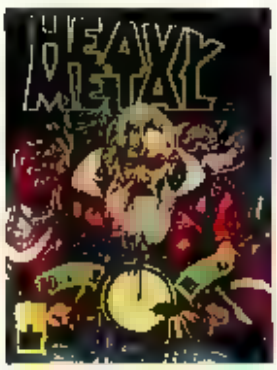
HM #5/AUGUST 1977 in which the saga of Polonius begins The Long Tomorrow concludes World Apart and Den continue all amidst talking plants samurais puppets sex and violence ($3.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977 Galactic Aztecs cosmic cowboys hysterical shrubbery chemically-induced sanity a Moebius space opera more World Apart Den and Polonius plus a Roger Zelazny short story ($3.00)

HM #7 OCTOBER 1977 Packed with knights ladies of ill-pelts insanity reincarnation and other harmless pastimes 9 pages of color Moebius the Arzach carriage Den and Polonius redux and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon ($3.00)



HM #8/NOVEMBER, 1977 With nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart groups intellectual mollusks birth and death stars and a great new Harlan Ellison story—the heaviest *Heavy Metal* yet! ($3.00)



HM #9 DECEMBER, 1977 This time we've up'd to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Sunpot and here's just a chapter from Close Encounters of the Third Kind and Fortune's Fool by Hoban and Wessler in addition to full color contributions from regulars Corben Macedo Claveloux and Moebius ($3.00)

HM #10, JANUARY 1978 We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny we got Cobb and Richard to update Ulysses we got Meehan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar we concluded Conquering Armies and continued Den Of course you knew about the Incas fog lights and the time warp ($3.00)

HM #11 FEBRUARY 1978: Wherein began the new adventures of Barbarella naked to her enemies and nude to her friends and of Urm the Foolish his quest for revenge Wraparound cover and central spread by Nino A trip to Venus the Decade and the Witch and Moebius down the rabbit hole With the usual unusual like Den ($3.00)

HM #12, MARCH, 1978 in which we watch the evils of witch-hunts and the perils of witchcraft the problems of mass transit and the dangers of hitchhiking Plus the first swashbuckling episode of Orion More Barbarella More Urm And still more Den ($3.00)

HM #13 APRIL 1978 Big deal first anniversary issue with 30-page insert from Paradise 9 by all concerned. Also amids the king must die death's duel and the undead Barbarella gives birth. Oh and the sexual acrobatic epilogue to Den ($3.00)

HM #14 MAY 1978 Gibson from the Mad locates El Dorado goes to pieces on a bicycle buys a dimension clock time travels and comedically tap-dances with Nimo. Not to mention Orion and Barbarella $3.00

HM #15 JUNE 1978 This time we go to town. For instance there's the erotic new Corben Shahrazad the sadistic Elric doin' his evil thing. Plus Tumar the erotic Barbarella and the black Thorn Changes. And an excerpt from Sabella and big pickings of Human ($3.00)

HM #16 JULY 1978 A happy ending to Barbarella a sad ending to 1996 the resumption of Druillet's Gail the further adventures of Heilman and Orion More Than Human contd and another piece of the Arabian Nights tale from Corben

HM #17, AUGUST 1978: Looks like more of the same with Orion Corben's Arabian Nights Heilman and he ast More Than Human Escapt Druillet's Gaiguels going again the Dil Season starts cannica robots get involved and somebody finally touches the right button

HM #18 SEPTEMBER, 1978 Starring Sinbad the Sailor Esorie Queen of the Bubble Women the Maid's fiancee two off-season detectives Arcane he was of the man Orion and Lone Sloane on Gail Harman Elson's Sewer pull of babies Plus miscellaneous gags and wheezes

HM #19 OCTOBER 1978: All Hallows breaks loose with an excerpt from Dawn of the Dead the puberty rites of dragons a zombie android called Essie minipol Elson's Glass Gobin unveiled and the onset of McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More eerie exploits of being Sindbad Gail and Orion

HM #20 NOVEMBER, 1978: A full 20 page excerpt from the Chaykin/Delany *Empire*, while Sindbad's dragon explodes the Exterminator escapes Sloane makes war the Sad Man disappears Bruberi arrives too late, and Heilman is reborn for the final time So Beautiful So Dangerous part two, and more Diabolica Planet

HM #21 DECEMBER, 1978: Running the Easter Bunny out of town Arnold Weissberger up and down Sinbad Jr. Sloane and the Big Wall Street Crash ashes and a prize for the page Weissberger murder Xmas $2.50

HM #22 JANUARY, 1979: This one's full of elephants for some reason Plus our first Trina and a pinup and Gulliver's travels and Mickey Mouse Some decadence a space siren and the android takes over the ship More Moebius and Corben What'dya want? $2.50

HM #23 FEBRUARY 1979: Our February images feature the planet of the day of the Star Dream the Sandman Arnold and Bud and Mickey's Sorcerer's Apprentice and Sinbad's Magic Arabian and Big Magic pages a chapter from Bilal's Monsters Sloane's Gail and the mysterious Fall of the Tower There's no story in this issue more and much much more $2.50

HM #24 MARCH 1979

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IN BETWEEN THEN AND NOW

by Arthur Byron Cover

I cannot say where it all began; I do not know. It has been the same always. It used to make me glad, quite a contrast to my present melancholy mood. Therefore I cannot start at the beginning and I cannot have one attitude. One place is as good as any.

I was sitting in the desert. The sun would have blinded me if I were not immune to such things. My throat would have been dry and thirsty if I could not manufacture water when it pleased me. I had been there, leaning against a pyramid of my making, for a few hundred years, I think. The wanderlust was building in me again, and I was getting ready to move to another galaxy. The Milky Way is a boring place, where I go for peace and relaxation and nothing else.

Then she attacked me. It was almost a playful attack. Just boulders and windstorms and rains, all hurled at me while I was off guard. I became angry; she had not bothered me for an eon or so and I was used to the loneliness. I became part of the desert,and it was easy to find her because she can never hide her beauty. I swallowed her in sands and she became air and slid out from under me. She flew to the stratosphere and laughed at me. The bitch. Then she became a great weight and plowed right into me, trying to cut me into a million pieces. That was dumb of her. I was nothing but sand anyway.

"Will you get off my back?" I demanded.

"Never," she said.

"Oh well." And I fled.

Now you have a good idea of how it was. If she didn't attack first, I did. Neither of us knew why we hated each other so much, why we got such a kick out of annoying the other. Maybe there wasn't a reason, but since shallow intellects claim everything has a reason, then there might have been one. Who am I to argue with billions upon billions?

Once I flung a galaxy at her. An unimaginative attack, to be sure. She dodged it with ease and flung three or four back at me to show me that anything I could do, she could do better. I shudder to think of what happened to the puny life-forms of those galaxies. What did the fish-men say as their world passed too close to a sun and their seas evaporated? What did the plant-men say as the soil was torn from their world? What did the just plain old men say as their navigational

Illustration by Michael Presley

charts mapping routes between worlds became hopelessly outdated in a matter of seconds? I'm sure neither of us gave a thought to it. Our one concern was our skirmish.

Another time she sent whirling space-storms at me and tried to tear the fourth dimension out from under my feet. Now that was a beauty because it might have been dangerous if she had caught me off guard. But I got back at her. She was the one who was off guard and it took her an eon to set things right about her. Still, I couldn't help but admire how she handled herself in the jaws of her own trap. She even added colors to space to make life more interesting.

Well, any more of that sort of thing would be redundant. I hope you have the general picture now, because the complications are yet to come.

For a few eons it had been bothering me that we hated each other so much. Why couldn't we be friends? There are only two of us and we rarely tried to kill the other, despite appearances. So why not be friends and do things together? Why not make love and have kids, like any other normal couple? Why not at least call a temporary truce and ponder the error of our ways until another way of life came to us?

When I saw her at the fair I decided to ask her. That was a mistake; she created a vortex when I was riding the ferris wheel and I was sick for a week. However, I did not lose my resolve. I still wanted to ask her. I was afraid my questions would have all kinds of allegorical connotations and that her answers would, too. It would be demeaning to talk at such a retarded level, but I couldn't see any way out of it. I saw her at the rodeo and was about to ask her when she changed into a horse and ran away to the convention. She knew I wouldn't follow her there because I hate conventions.

The look in her eyes was beginning to bother me. She has such lovely eyes, no matter what form she takes. I was appalled to see fear in them. It was as if she knew my questions and was afraid to answer them, even to hear them. Maybe the same thoughts I had were plaguing her.

Conventions are transitory affairs and it was not long before I saw her again, in another galaxy, swimming the deep of a black ocean. She was laughing with a monstrous fish with twenty gills and a hundred fins and a brain the size of a house. I don't know that the fish said to her, but whatever it was, I was jealous. I cast the fish into the sun and said to her, "I want to talk to you."

She ran away.

Then I wondered: why in the world would I be jealous over her? We are two of a kind, there are no others like us, why would I become angry at a fish? What did I have to fear from it? I felt ridiculous. Why did I even bother to kill it? I suppose I have already answered my own questions when I said I was jealous. But how could I ever hope to understand her and the reason why we hated each other if I could not understand my most barbaric emotions?

There was only one thing to do and that was to search her out again. I found her leaping from meteor to meteor and she was almost enjoying herself. When she spied me she tried to burn me up, which is a hard thing to do considering the fact that there isn't any oxygen in space. I encased myself in ice before she remedied her oversight and I asked, "Why was I jealous of a mere fish?"

She asked, "Why did you kill him? He was doing a great impersonation of Alexander Hamilton. And he promised to do Ralph Waldo Emerson next."

"Because I was jealous of him."

"You are a fool."

She tried to burn me once more before she fled.

I was more perplexed than ever. True, she had hated me since before I could remember, but she had never been angry at me before (there is a fine line of distinction between the two). Something was afoot and I still needed to talk to her. I even wanted to touch her. I felt hideously aglow and banal. Perhaps running around with so many lower lifeforms had corrupted me. Maybe I was only a shadow of my former self. I knew, even as I considered it, that I still had all my intelligence, my power, and my confidence, but also that that was not enough. I asked myself: how many eons will it take before we are both mature? A strange question and, in other times, a meaningless one.

If you haven't guessed by now, I was extremely confused. An embarrassing situation for one who has never been confused before. Then it occurred to me that maybe I had been confused all my life and was just now coming out of it. I wanted to call out to her, asking her to come back, but she had no name, just as I have no name. I searched for her in silence.

And found her transformed into a world. I landed on her and touched her flowers and she quivered, trying to shake my balance. She almost made me bash my head on a rock. Not that it would have caused any damage, but it would have smarted for a second. I said, "Listen, I want to talk to you."

"I gathered that," she said in the booming voice of an entire world.

I covered my ears. "Why don't you change? I feel like a fool."

"You should be used to that by now."

"Very funny. Why don't you change before I have to repair my ears?"

"I don't feel like it."

"Bitch."

That insulted her and she changed. I made the mistake of not flying off into space and was all shook up when she appeared in her true form. I licked my lips and wondered what kind of change had occurred in my emotional makeup.

"All right, turd, what do you want to talk about?"

"You can't call me a turd," I said. "We don't even have waste products."

"I don't. You do."

"Don't be coy. We're both the same."

"No, we're not. We're different."

"We're different, but we're the same," I said. "For that reason I don't hate you anymore. I feel differently toward you."

"I don't care."

She did care, I know she did. She just didn't want to admit it. So why was I pressing the issue? Why couldn't I wait until she saw things my way? I was in the process of swallowing my pride for some unfathomable reason and somehow I knew she would eventually. I had all creation to wait, so why did I want her to change right now?

"You do care," I said for want of knowing how else to react.

"Care about what?"

A damn good question. I wanted to flee.

"Care about what?" she repeated.

"I don't know. I can't think right now."

I almost reached for her. She was standing there in the middle of space and she looked so beautiful. She was wearing yellow hair at the moment and she was tossing it about her, playing with it. It assumed the form of a clock, then of a square, then of an animal I saw once on the Dog Planet. She was what was wrong with me, but she had always been what was wrong with me. In some way or another she had always been the cause of my discomforts. And this time the real cause rested somewhere in me, though she was involved in a way I could not and cannot describe, ever.

"Don't worry about it," I said. "It's not your fault."

She sighed. "I don't understand you. For eons piled upon eons it has been all my fault and now suddenly it's changed."

"I'm glad you figured that out."

"But *I* haven't changed. I still hate you!"

She was lying. I knew it and she knew it. But I didn't have the guts to tell her.

"Why do we hate each other so much?" I asked. "Can't there be something else?"

She looked away. "It's been like that since the birth of creation. Why should it be any different?"

"We've seen the universe change a thousand times," I said. "What makes you think we're immune to change?"

"We're not," she said just before she ran away.

I sat there in the middle of space and watched her dwindle in the distance. Then I increased my powers of sight and watched her run for an election. She lost. I haven't let her out of sight since and she knows it, though I haven't approached her.

And that brings me up to date. Now that I'm convinced she feels the same way I do, I know it's only a matter of time before we erase the games and habits of old and start playing something new. I don't know yet what form our games will take, but that doesn't bother me. The emptiness I now feel will be replaced by another emotion, which will make it all worthwhile.

I can wait, and so can she. The universe will contract until it is like it was in the beginning, a single point in space. We will both be there in that single point and we won't be able to run away from each other. ■

ALIEN

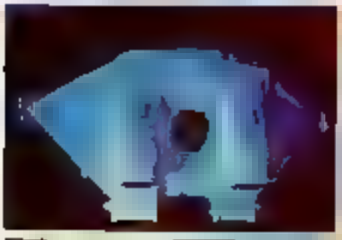
The United States commercial starship *Nostromo* is returning to earth from a deep-space mining expedition. Home is still four months away, and the crew is in hypersleep. When the ship's computer monitors a transmission—apparently of nonhuman origin—it prematurely awakens the crew. Any transmission indicating possible intelligence must be investigated.

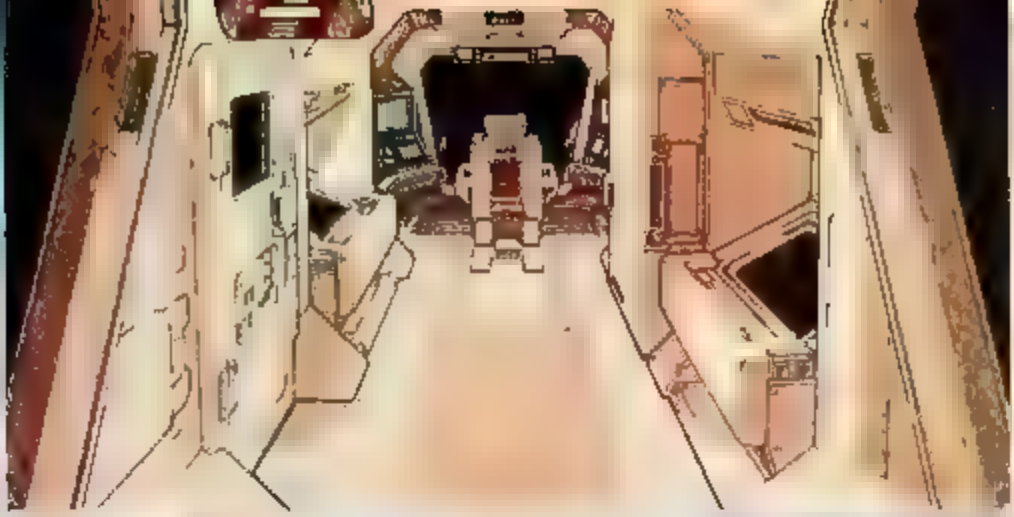
The *Nostromo* journeys to a distant planetoid to investigate. A three-member scouting team suits up and moves out across a desolate, storm-lashed surface and finds an immense, derelict spacecraft. Once inside, they discover the obviously alien, skeletal remains of the derelict's pilot, as well as a mechanical signaling device.

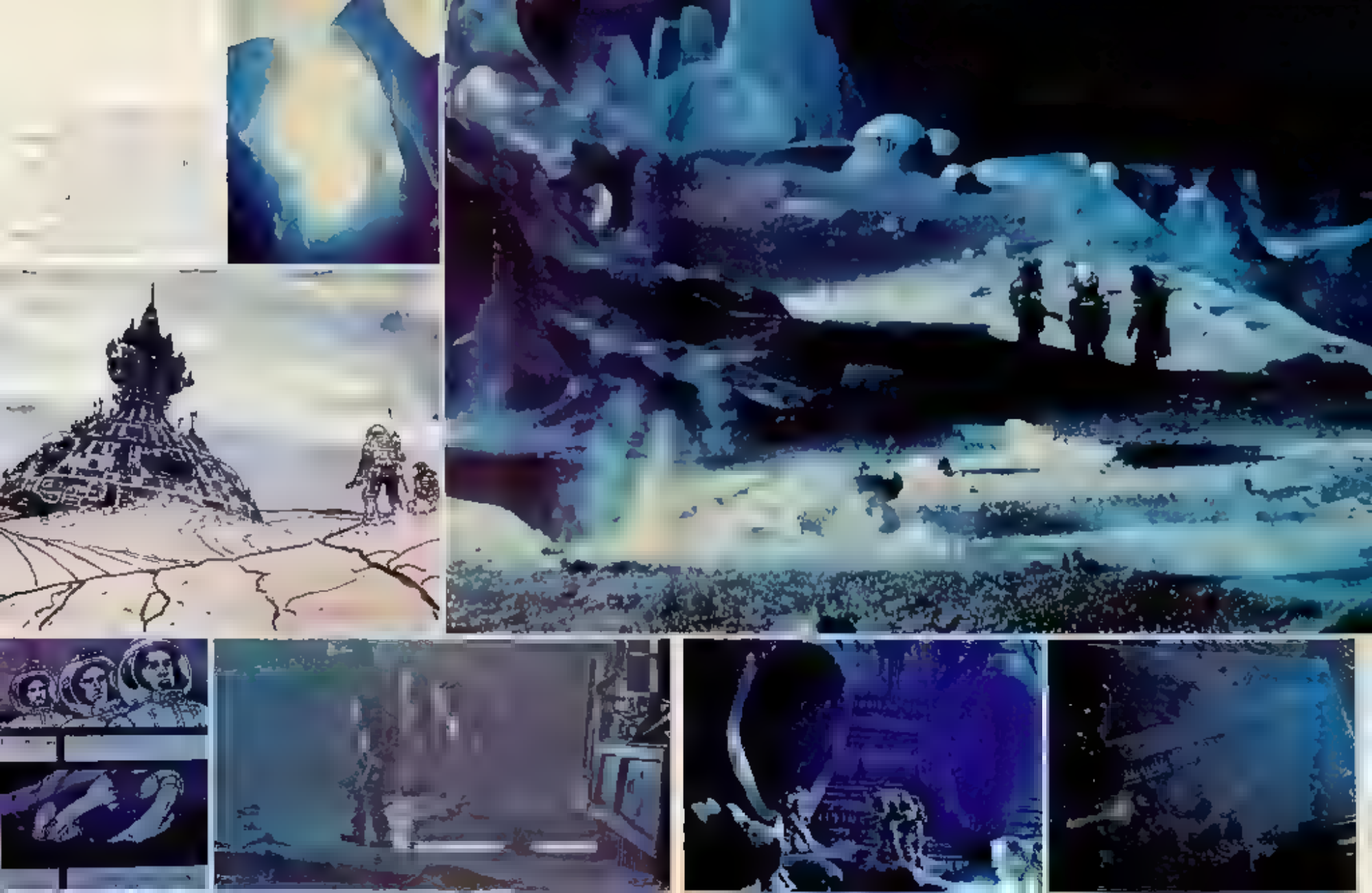
What the scouting party doesn't yet know is that the extraterrestrial space jockey is a victim and that the signal is not a distress call, but a warning. Soon, the five men and two women of the *Nostromo* will be engaged in a life-or-death struggle with a superior and treacherous life-form.

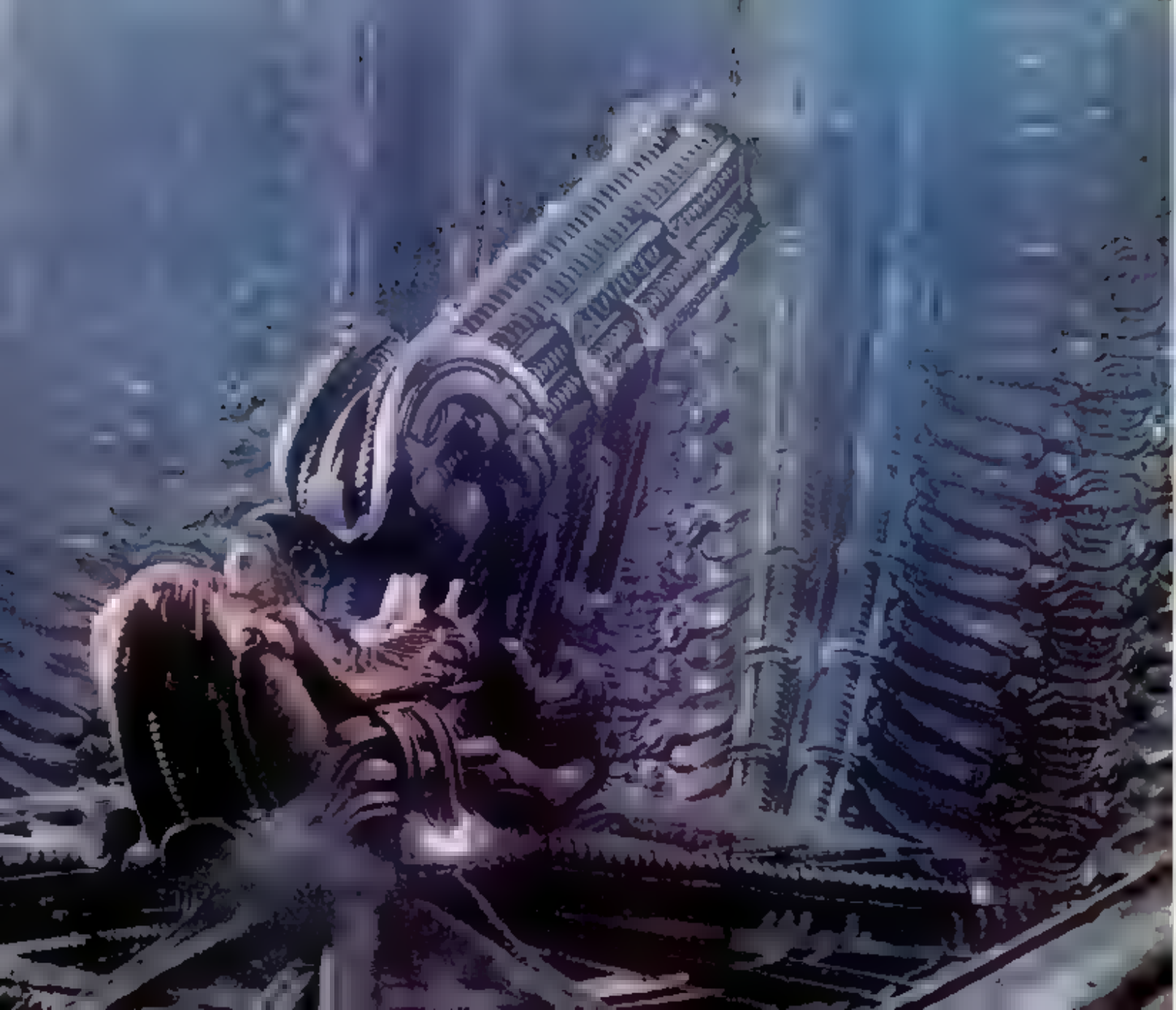
Thus begins *Alien*, an elaborately constructed, big-budget horror film set entirely in deep space. The Twentieth Century-Fox production will open in May. Shooting began last summer—under heavy security precautions—in England. Sets were routinely cleared of all but essential personnel during scenes involving the Alien. Post-production work has also been shrouded in secrecy.

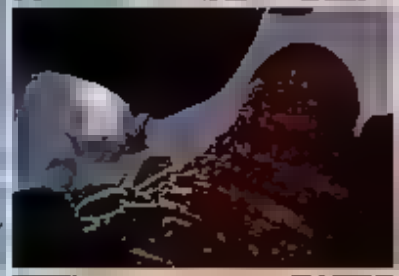
The film's design responsibilities were handled by such artists as Ron Cobb, Chris Foss, Moebius, and H. R. Giger. The Alien itself was conceived and designed by Giger. This is an excerpt from *The Book of Alien*, to be published by *Heavy Metal* at the same time the movie is released. It will contain hundreds more pre-production illustrations, stills from the film, behind-the-scenes material, and, of course, pictures of the Alien.











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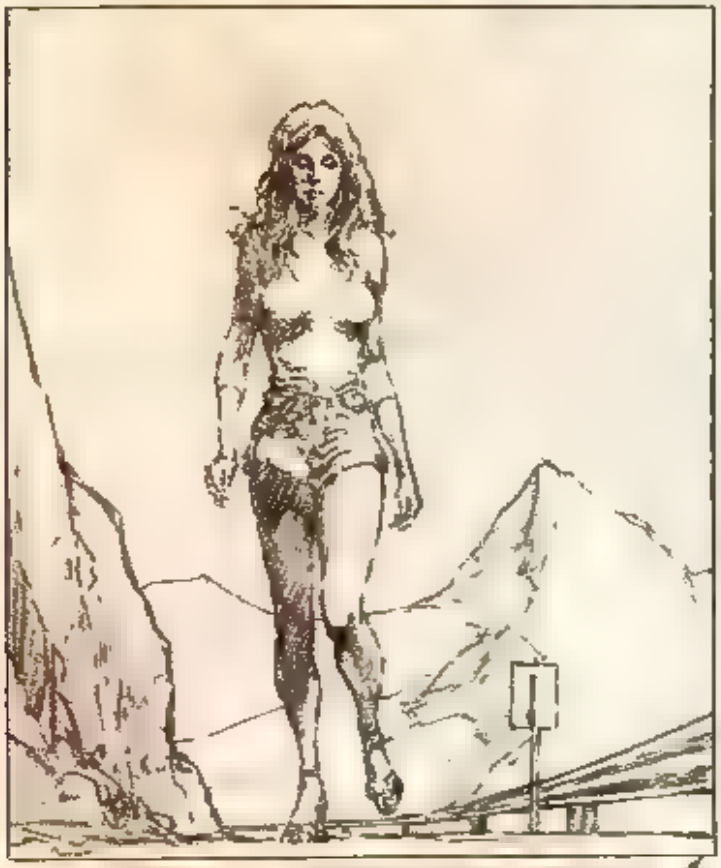
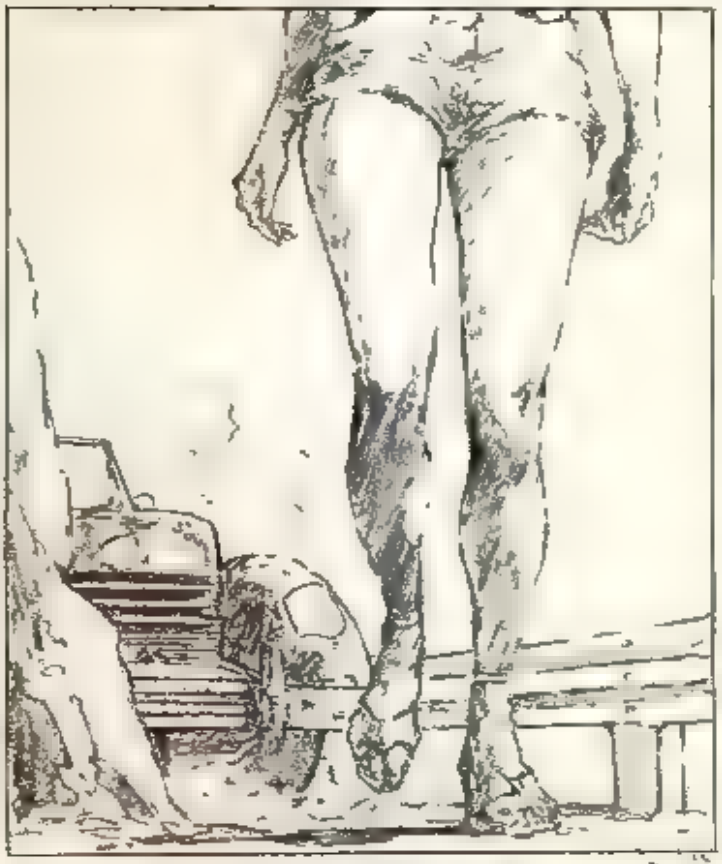
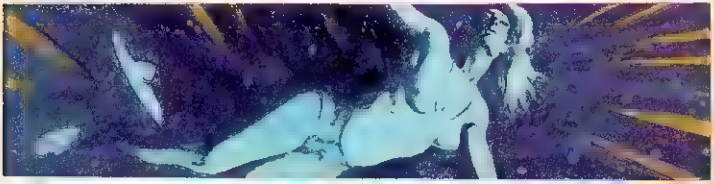
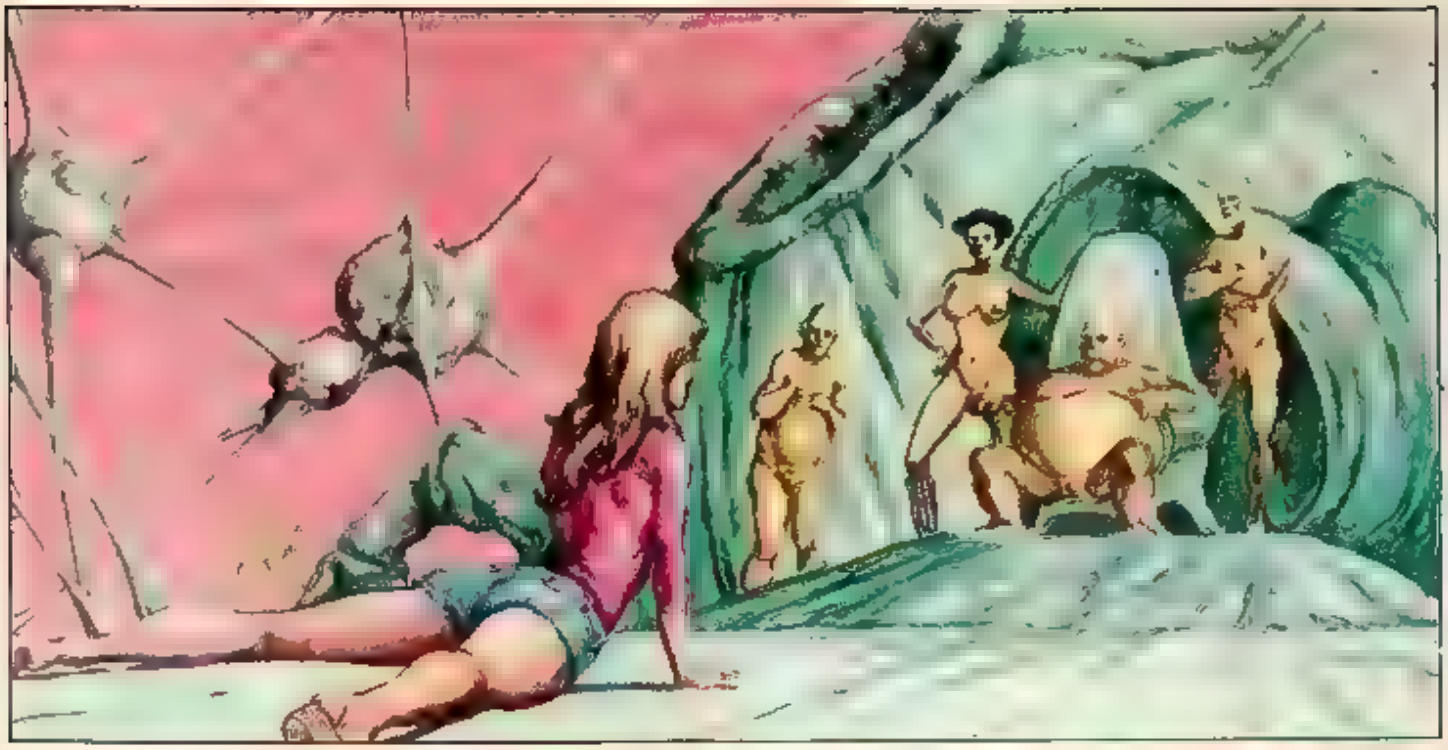
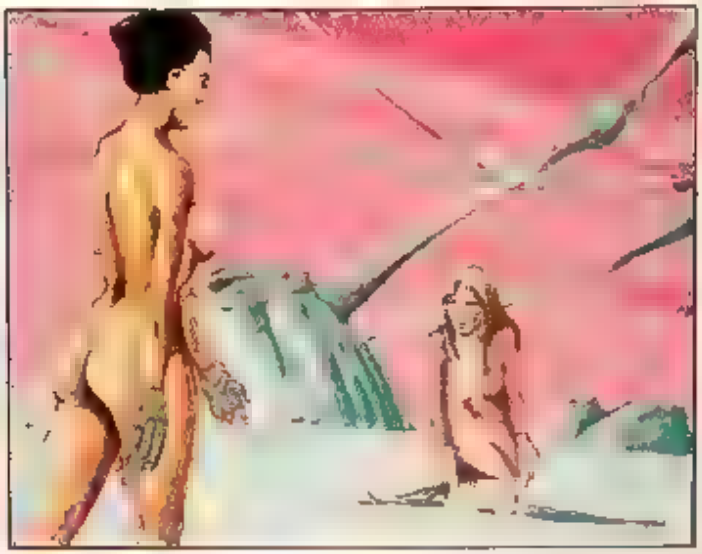
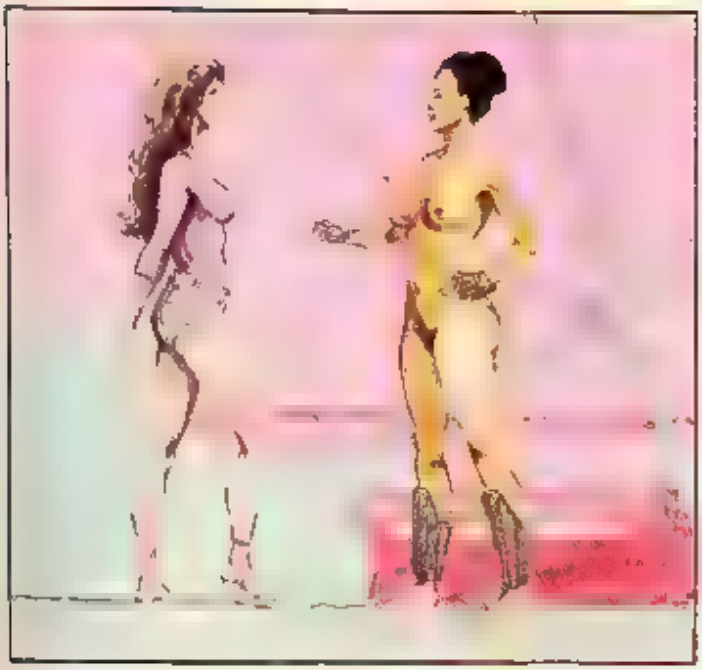
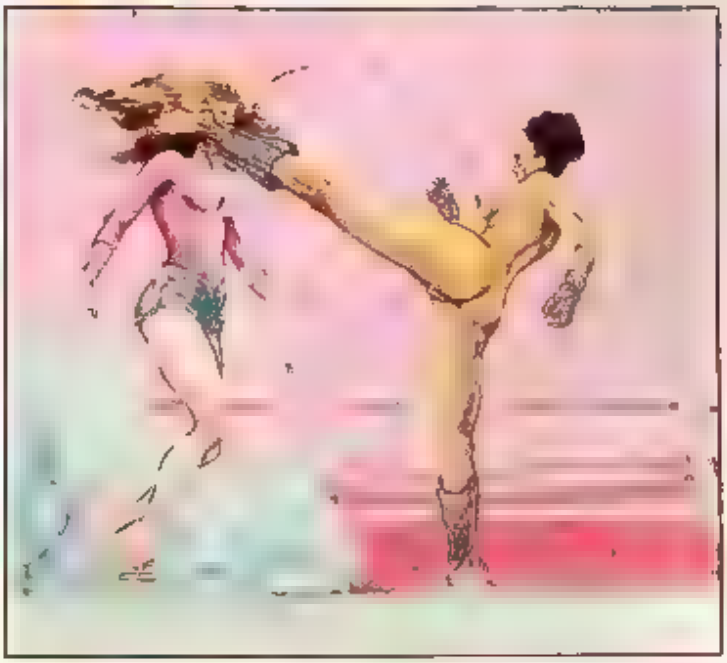
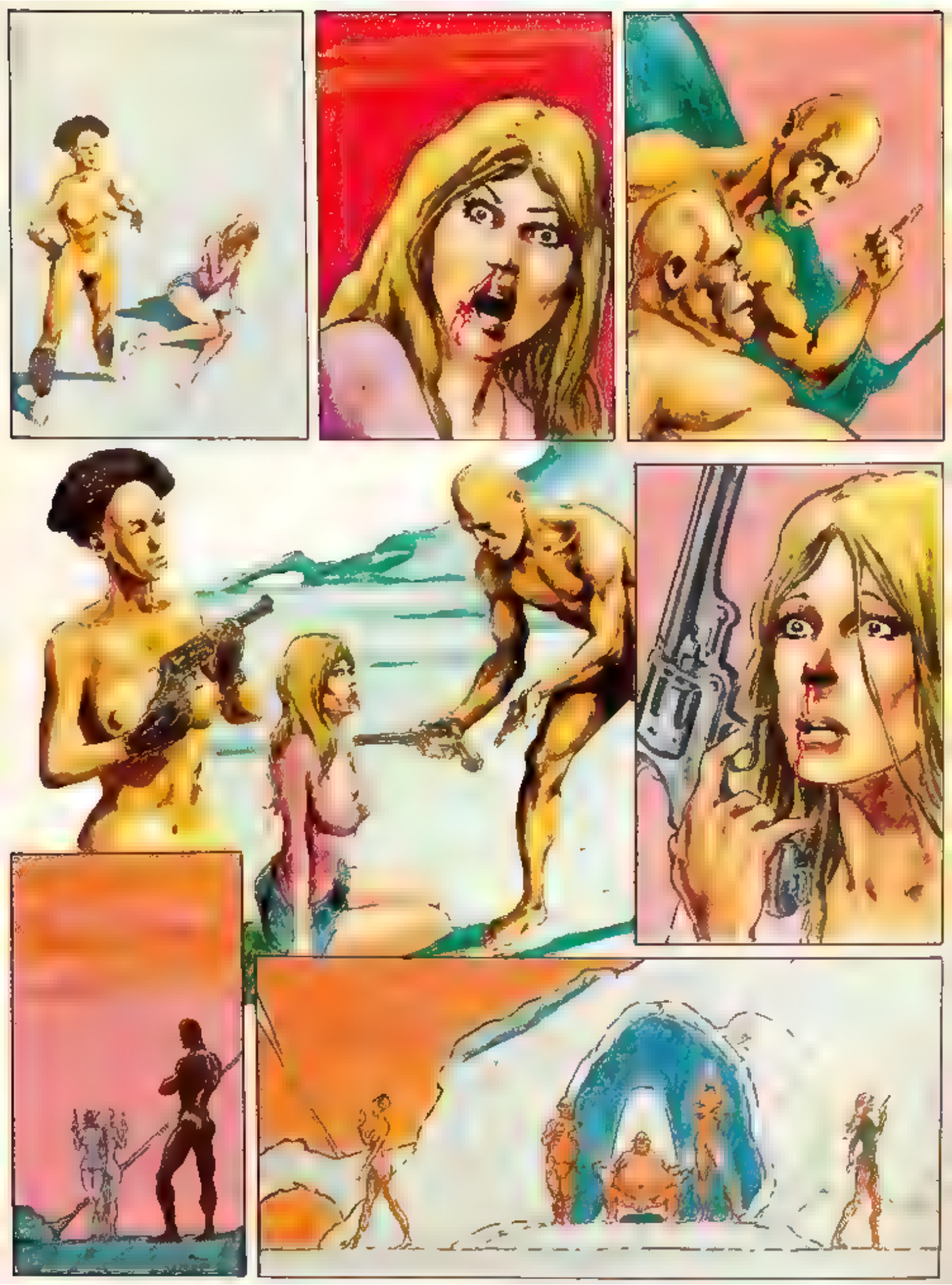


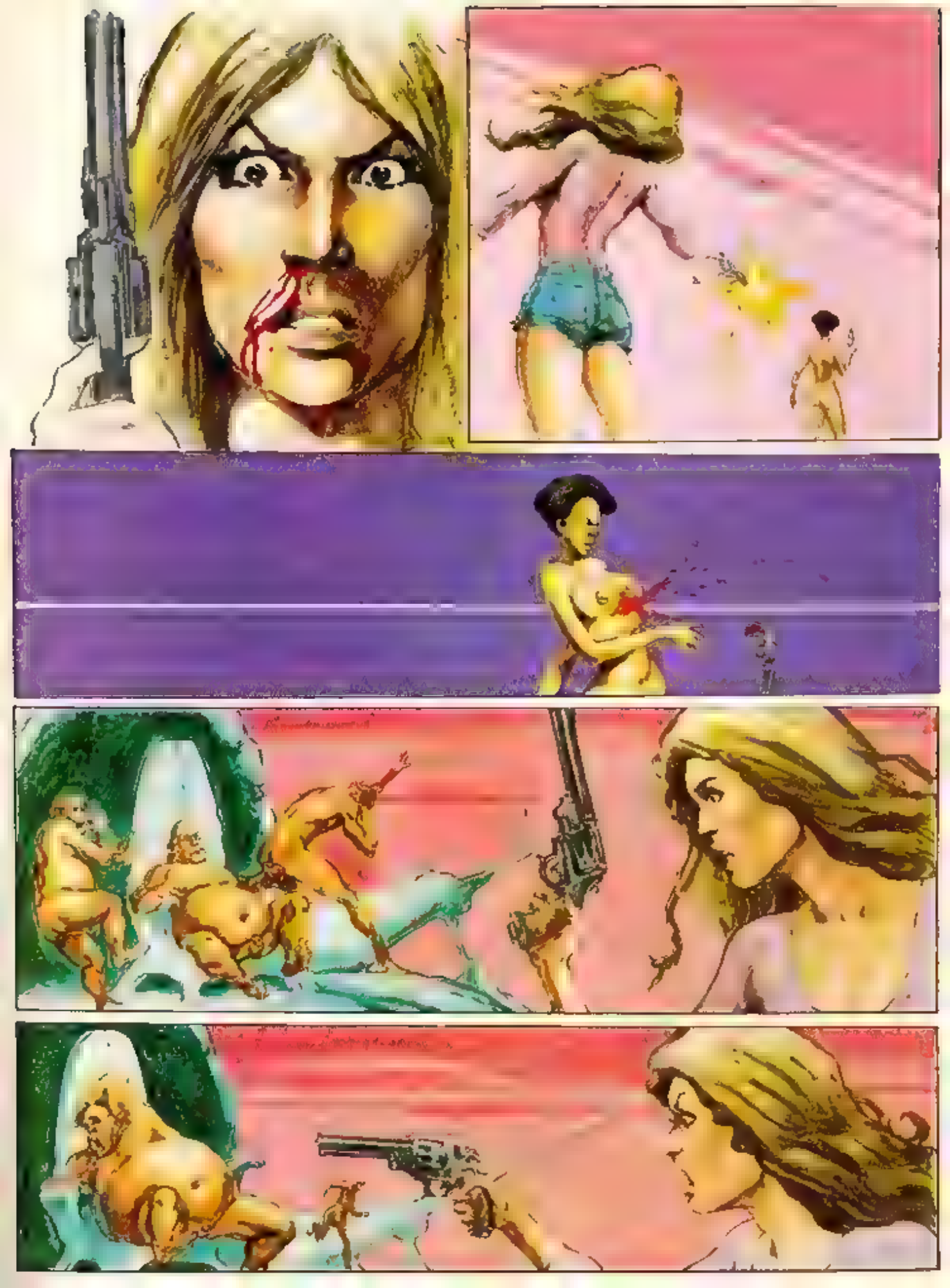


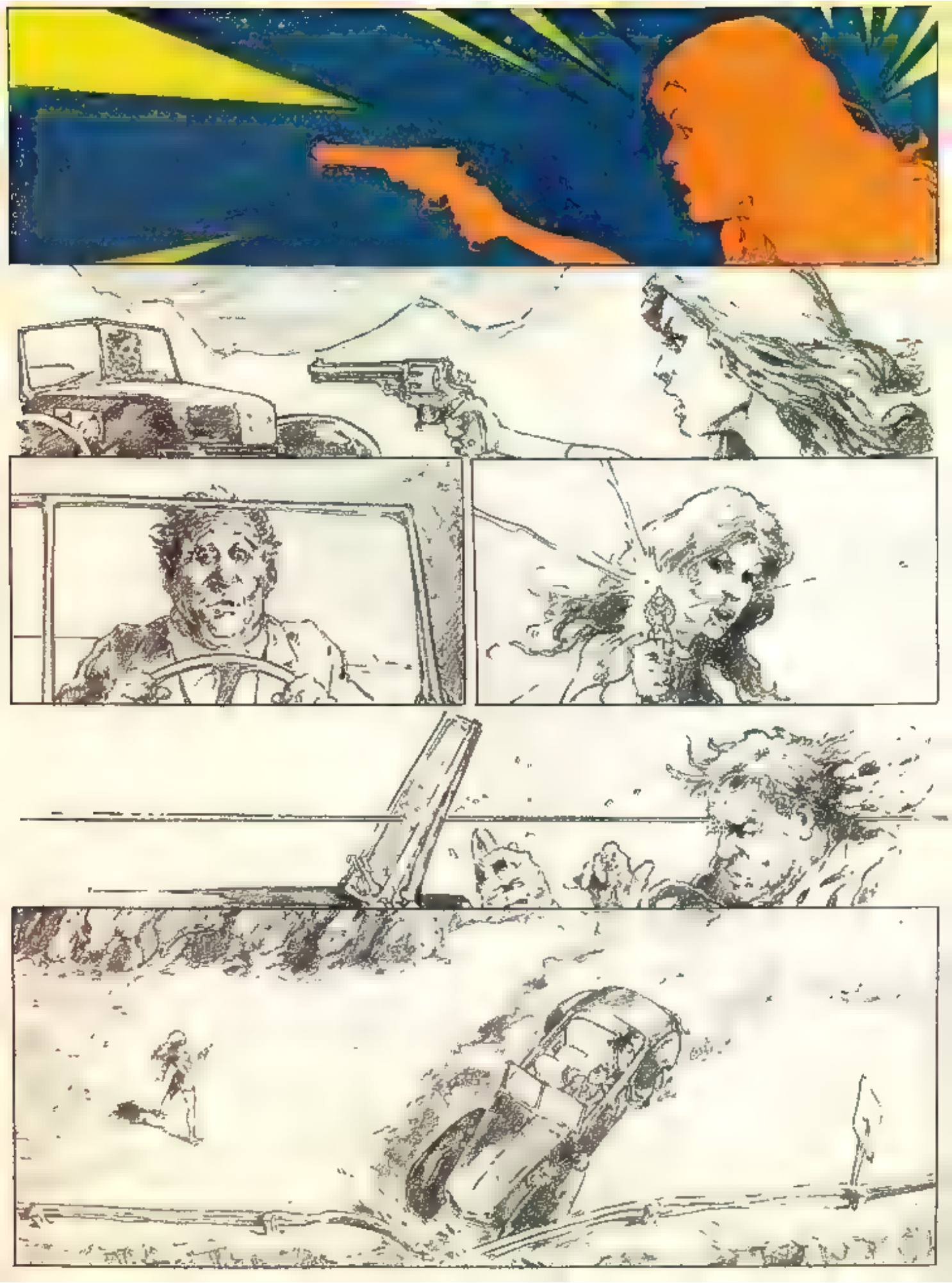










THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE

MOEBIUS

OF JERRY CORNELIUS

HELLO, MR. PRESIDENT!.. THIS IS THE AIRPLANE OF DESTINY CALLING!.. THE ENGINEER BARNABUS IS ACCOMPANIED BY YETCHEM.. THERE WAS NO MENTION OF THIS IN THE EXTERMINATION CONTRACT. WELL, THEN...

OUR STORY SO FAR: NOW THAT THE ENGINEER BARNABUS HAS TOTALLED THE BRAND NEW WONDERFUL TRANSPORTER WHICH CORNELIUS HAD ENTRUSTED HIM WITH, HE DECIDES TO LEAVE IT ALL BEHIND...

WHAT?! YETCHEM?! THE ARCHER?

THAT'S STRANGE!... WHAT IS THE ARCHER DOING WITH BARNABUS, WHO KILLED A GUARD, THE FATHER OF A FAMILY?... I THOUGHT HE WAS ON OUR SIDE IN THE FIGHT AGAINST GRUBERT AND CORNELIUS!...

HN...

IT DOESN'T MATTER, ANYWAY!... KILL THE TWO OF THEM.

LOOK! MR. PRESIDENT!

ONE OF OUR SPIES HAS SPOTTED JERRY CORNELIUS'S TATER 2000 NEAR THE PYRAMID STATION!

THE TATER 2000! CURSES! WE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THIS WOULD HAPPEN!!

SO... HAS IT ALL BEEN JUST A GAME?

DYRO OTKRO...

ALKOLETRAJ!

ASBLOW... DEZAL ORBS... VOSS CALSIOMBELLE ALL ARA VABETZ... SLOMME "METRA" LIKET OTERIS..(1)

KLUTZ! MILTROE!

(1) DI MICTORN ZOL BALINE OLETRA...

IT WAS THAT BANDIT FROM VORST WHO DID THIS TO YOU... YOU POOR BOY...

WHERE ARE WE? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHY AM I NOT IN NORMANDY AS PLANNED?...

CALM DOWN! THE TRANSMITTER WAS AT FAULT... YOU AREN'T THE FIRST TO HAVE LANDED HERE!... BUT WE MUST ESCAPE FROM VORST!... THAT BANDIT IS THE...

KLUTZ MILTROE!... BORS VORST BELIO!... CHTONNE!...

COME ON, LET'S GO!... THAT'S THE LAST STRAW!... WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY THE GANG FROM MILTROE!

WHO ARE YOU?..

INOEBUS

TO BE CONTINUED...

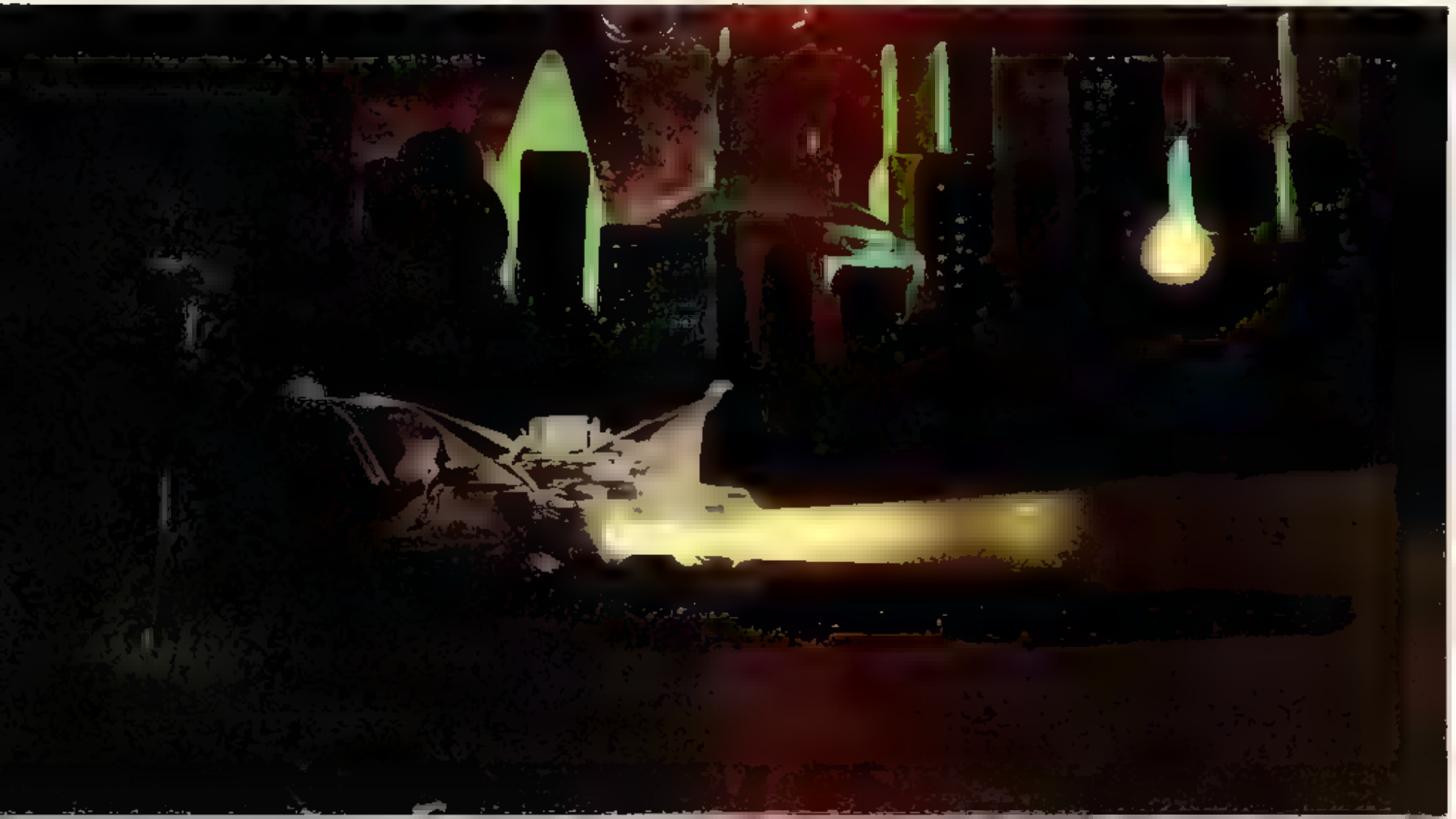
STARCROWN

PART I

With reluctance Flan Sunheart young scion of the royal House of Sunheart returns to Ilium Prime the desert world of his birth To the youth, life appears seemingly unchanged, at least on the surface But the presence of Lord Nekron Corona s elite blacktroops at the spaceport creates a vague uneasiness within him

BY JOHN POGSIK

Accompanied by his loyal robotic companion PEW (actually an electronic psycho-host for his dead uncle Praetorius), Sunheart speeds to the palace for the Empress s his mother s birthday He strides into the thronged hall that evening, unaware that destiny's binding coils are slowly tightening round them all



The dinner, exotic and endless, wore long into the evening, enlivened by entertainments both sophisticated and bizarre. Merriment abounded, as well as a gentle solemnity as the holoforms sang their laments for lost Earth.

"And how fares the Goad of Mord?" Flan asked lightly during a lull when the light-dancers were changing their spectrum guides. "I'm suprised to find Nekron Corona still in power; one might think one of his fleet officers would have arranged a fire-drop, or a sonic-cannon implosion, something, by this time."

"My Lord, I don't think we should discuss these matters now. . . ." Rouyn began.

The Emperor silenced the youth with a sideways glance. "The bitter rivalry between the House of Sunheart and the House of Mord is no secret. I am certain Corona has at least fifty spies here at sup with us, each with his or her locutor probe aimed in our direction. Let him gnaw on what we may say.

"Quite a few things have happened since your last visit, Flan. Corona has managed to secure official, voted command of the Imperial Armada – almost every attack wing, and all of the Ilium-based operations. In doing so, he holds the key to this planet and the starlane approaches. In his defense, I will say Corona is a leader without peer, brilliant, ruthless, unswerving in his goals, a brave fighter and a tactical genius. But his also is the spider's brain which directs all plots and confoundments, large and small, against us.

"I am starting to find my power base eroding as more and more of my nobles switch allegiances and defect, attracted by his promises and growing influence. Gaul has told me to exile the man, or at least assign him to rimworld surveillance. Yet though his behavior toward me, the Star-crown, and the Federation itself has been little short of traitorous, he has been effecting our designs – no doubt because they parallel his. The situation is made even more complicated because of the Federation's current program of colonization, which Corona openly advocates turning into a campaign of conquest. This assignment as Armada Commander has placed a dangerous power, a murderous tool, in his hands. I maintain a delicate balance; my grip on events is, at best, fragile."

"But Corona would never dream of actually moving against us, would he?"

The Emperor reached over to clasp his wife's hand.

"He wants the Starcrown, son; he lusts for the power it represents. He is not like the other Mords." He paused. "I used to think all the fighting would end some day; I even entertained the conceit that I would be the one to bring this about. I used to dream that our blood would issue in a new dawn for mankind, a golden age when our music would float across the hills of a thousand worlds. But Corona – and Mord – are in some ways dark reflections of our own House; they are victims of an ambition and a power-madness as vaulted and white-hot as those stars you fly toward. And their hatred for us and our goals are like sparks thrown up from an ancient flywheel."

He chuckled at that. "Your father is becoming a poet in his old age. Will they sing my songs, erect statues in the old manner after my passing. No, Flan, I hold a body of planets in my hands, yet I am almost a prisoner on my own. The troops here on Ilium are loyal to Corona to a man, my own nobles fight my policies at every turn, and life in the Court is not to be tolerated. There are open mutterings of dissent in the streets – imagined unrest stoked by the lies of Corona's imagerists – and I hear of incident after incident of near revolt throughout the star fleet. And, as you know, there have been

assassination attempts . . . ."

"The Mords are pleasant enough to deal with, Father,"Rouyn said, stroking his beard. "I think you are overreacting to a nonexistent threat."

"We could still be easily rid of Corona," Oromocto broke in, eyes shining. "As he would be rid of us! Our wealth can buy anything!"

Alidin Sunheart's face darkened. "That is not our way! For six hundred years, the Sunhearts have ruled this world and our people with honor and justice. A maze-stabbing, a ritual accident in Below, even mindlag projections – that is the way of Mord. Theirs will be the first hands to lift weapons in uprising against the Starcrown.

"And yet," he added, gazing directly at Flan, "were *all* my sons to work with me at keeping him in check – "

"I wouldn't count on that if I were you, Father," Oromocto said, smiling at his brother.

Flan looked away, his face reddening with guilt and shame.

By the time the glacial moon had risen above the horizon, distorted and wavering in the heated night airs, the Sunhearts had retired to the more intimate confines of the Emperor's garden, where Flan presented his mother with the living robe of the *eeeammmur.* The furry white creature settled gracefully upon the Empress' creamy shoulders, twining its twin tails and soothing her with its psychic purrings; it also watched the gently stirring foliage with unblinking slit eyes. . . .

Flan was in a reflective mood as he sipped the dreamwine, watching the liquid's cloudy elements separate, combine again, reform. His father's comments regarding political unrest here on Ilium disturbed him only slightly: the Sunhearts and the Mords had been at each other's throats since time had begun to flow, it seemed. Corona's new position would do little to disturb things.

Flan found himself thinking more and more of the *Omega Wing;* overhead, the stars pulsed and shimmered hotly, insistent in their call. He tried to resist. He felt he should stay this time for some reason. But it was useless.

Keying PEW's activation signal, Flan rose, stretched, looked around at everyone. He smiled and gave a helpless shrug of his shoulders.

The happy expression on his mother's face froze, fell apart. "You're leaving us again," she said sadly.

He knelt by her side, taking her hand in his.

"Yes. . . ." Little else could be said.

A great weariness was on his father's face, but those gray eyes still burned with the fires of resolve that Flan remembered. He took his wife's other hand.

"You cannot deny your heritage forever, son. You are a Sunheart; royal blood flows through your veins, and there will always be a people needing our leadership and protection. Service is our destiny – to the race, to our planet, to the mote worlds humanity thrives or struggles upon. Someone has to guide them; someone has to battle for them; someone, ultimately, has to serve."

"I can't accept that responsibility now, my Lord!" Flan answered. Once more he wondered at how much his father had *changed,* what the endless compromises and Federation intrigues had done to this former man of iron will.

He, Flan Oros Sunheart, would never accept *that,* would *never* give up his freedom for . . . .

"You will have to – some day," his father replied. "You will be forced to." In lowered tones: "I will not pass the Starcrown on to

your brothers. They are both weak and easily swayed by minute details of commerce and profit instead of the realization of our dream for another golden age. Only a true ruler of men may wear the Starcrown, and you are such – whether you realize it or not, whether you care to admit it or not. I sired you, I've watched you grow, I know even now what you think of me – and all this."

Alidin Sunheart's eyes blazed for a moment: "Nevertheless, submit to my will in this matter. Become a Sunheart in truth, and not just in name. Lead us all forward, as I know you can!"

"You said, 'Some day,' my Lord. But not this time."

"Time *is* the only reality, Flan, and our slyest enemy. In the end, it will overwhelm everything, just as the dustfalls have conquered the oceans here on Ilium. We are shapes in the fire that come and go. I know the restlessness which fills your spirit. I understand your desire for freedom, because that desire was once my own. But when my father pressed the Starcrown upon me, I knew what had to be set aside, and why. Our duty to our race is clear cut; a price – the highest price – must always be paid. One day I will ask that of you – and demand it. Hopefully when you preside over the Galactic Assembly, times will have bettered themselves. Do you understand?"

Flan turned away from his father's entreating eyes. Never before had he heard Alidin Sunheart beg for anything, and yet here was the most powerful man in the galaxy *begging him to listen!* It was more than he could take: he felt the walls dissolving around him again, the unknown and prisoning future surging in upon him. . .

And the guilt, because he knew what he was going to do.

"I have to go!" he said thickly.

"I see," said the Emperor. His melancholy smile returned. "Well, then, nothing remains for us. The cutters will take you and PEW out to the field. You must be anxious for takeoff. The refitters have already finished with your ship."

"That isn't necessary. I'd prefer to leave with less notice than when I arrived."

"Flan, for what it is worth – and at the very least it is worth a father's love and affection – you will soon see the folly of trying to slip through life like a shadow. The Sunheart destiny will prevail."

"I realize that, but. . . " and for Flan there was really nothing further to say. The safe barriers had come down again between him and his family. Between him and cloying intrigues, life-draining days. But the unease was still with him! Best to go now.

Having made polite, but detached farewells to his brothers, Flan halted at the entrance to the corridor shuttle. It was a mistake to look back, yet he could not help himself.

Tears were shining in his mother's eyes. "We won't see you again," they seemed to say to him. Crystalline plant leaves clashed

together.

"I'll be back!" he shouted, almost gaily. "Sooner than you think. Perhaps the next time I'll even settle on Ilium,help Father. . .at Court."

The emptiness of his words made him wince.

PEW was watching it all through the youth's eyes.

◊ **come on : : : flan** ♦ said the small, knowing voice. ◊ **there is nothing more you can say : : : make the parting as brief and painless as possible : : : and never say goodbye** ♦

The Emperor and Empress of Ilium Prime watched their son pass into the dark in a rustle of steelsilk.

Flan eased back on the go throttle as the screamcar arrowed down Ilium's deserted streets. He felt brain-chilled, numb, fading, tired.

Speed markers flashed by, each one lighting up in warning as it sensed the vehicle moving off the regulator track into unauthorized traffic lanes.

Got to go, he kept repeating; *got to go, got to get out of this place!*

He lowered the hood dome, letting the wind blast hot and fierce against his face to clear away the liquorish fog. They whispered through the City's radiant heart.

◊ **slow it down : : : i sense concentrations of mass and energy movement on city outskirts : : : tau grid scan : : : coordinate lock-on ::: sectors four zero four ::: four zero five ::: four ten ::: four sixteen ::: closing on sectors five two three ::: five two five ::: high probability of military traffic** ♦

"At this time of deepsleep? I wonder how loyal Corona's drivers and tankers are feeling now."

◊ **wait : : : additional readings : : : sectors six two zero : : :** ♦

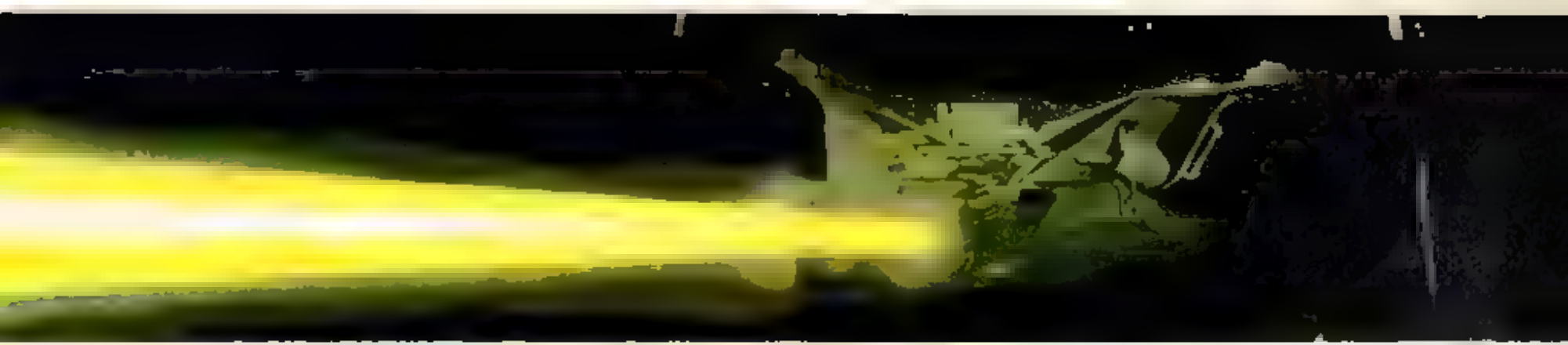
Skimming alongside a vaporous waste canal, they at last exchanged the City canyons for hydra-tilled countryside and the restless wandering borders of the oxyponic orchards. Darkness closed round their vibrating cocoon like a fist. The isodine headlamps blasted holes through the night fabric, picking out details of road, rock, shadows leaping, the fleeing trees, banishing all in a hurtling spill of light.

Flan leaned back in the seat, letting his head fall back against the rest as he gazed up at the star fields.

The screamcar drifted sideways off the metallic roadway. The warning alarm bawled. He corrected instantly, cooly, bringing the car's computer image – with its two blots of sentient energy registering – back onto line on the screen.

"Damn!" he cursed, at once angered and exultant. Again he was deserting his family, just as he had so many times before, with the same hollow promises to return . Once again the familiar burden of guilt – and release.

TO BE CONTINUED



CHAIN MAIL

Dear *Heavy Metal*

You may think this is weird, but I am only eleven years old and I enjoy your magazine. My twenty-seven-year-old brother was the one who first showed me the magazine. Your November issue was, so to speak, *heavy*! I thought your "Sindbad" and "Exterminator 17" chapters were great, but "Orion" we I was sort of disappointed. I thought for sure that it was going to end in this issue, but it continued. "The Great Trap," "Gaia" and "Off Season" were ones that I think weren't worth starting (or finishing, for that matter). "The A right Garage" was one that I didn't care for at first, but with the last two chapters, it gained my interest. Your excerpt of *Empire* was okay, but if you're going to include excerpts from books all the time, you might as well put the whole book in there. In this case, you have added another ten pages to the selection. I was glad to see the end of "Heilman," although Voss could have made it at least two episodes longer (though last issue's installment was pretty stupid). I also enjoyed "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." I really think that Angus McKie is doing a great job on that story. In fact, why should he stop at eight chapters? Why not ten? or even twelve? I also liked "May I Have a Cup of Dilithium Crystals, Please." Keep up the good work, and I may even get a two-year subscription next time!

Alan Nadritz

Dear Alan, Thank you for your letter, but isn't it past your bedtime? Ed

Dear *Heavy Metal*

Your stories are getting better. One shortcoming of your mother publication *Metal Hurlant* was that it was a magazine of artists, not writers. Not that I am criticizing *Metal Hurlant*, the French have created a new school of art: Fantastic Art. What a joy after the sterile dead end of the minimal art of the fifties and sixties. But there really wasn't much to read in *Metal Hurlant*; you dwelt on the art but the text was generally pointless—a shame when you're drawing comic strips.

How delighted I was to open the January 1979 issue of *Heavy Metal* and read "Only Connect," "The Tumor," "The Ultimate Negotiation" as well as the latest installment of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." Stories! Minimal ones in some cases, but at least I have a reason to start at the beginning rather than the middle or the end.

Corben, of course, never had that problem. All the way back when he was doing underground comics (lo, these many years ago!) he was telling stories. That being the case, I will escalate and criticize Corben on a higher level. His stories are better when he is working with a writer; his solo pieces tend to be excessively gloomy and sometimes ill-defined (but always so beautiful, oh so beautiful). His best work I've always thought was with Jan Strnad. You people at *Heavy Metal* are dodos if you don't dig up Corben/Strnad's "To Meet The Faces You Meet" (in *Fever Dreams*, Kitchen Sink Enterprises, 1972) and reprint it. In my opinion, it's their finest work.

As for Mr. Strnad, I find him better in single-episode pieces rather than long serials. In other words, he's a short story writer and not a novelist. I had high hopes for the "New Tales of the Arabian Nights" when I saw that Strnad had written it, and for the first couple of episodes my hopes were realized. Then it degenerated into the same directionless drunkard's walk as "Den." I plead with Strnad to study the rules of longer drama. As for Mr. Corben, if I haven't made my feelings clear, he's a genius and one of the finest artists of history.

I feel the same way about Moebius, only a little more so, but then I may be prejudiced from knowing him personally. What a wonderful man! His is an enlightened mind. When I first met him he was smoking cigarettes and eating meat. He and I used to get stoned every day at work. Jodorowsky made him get stoned because he worked longer hours that way (ah, memories!). Today Moebius has given up cigarettes and is a vegetarian, and he says it makes him feel so much lighter, so delicate and aware. Would that I could do the same (*cough, hack*)!

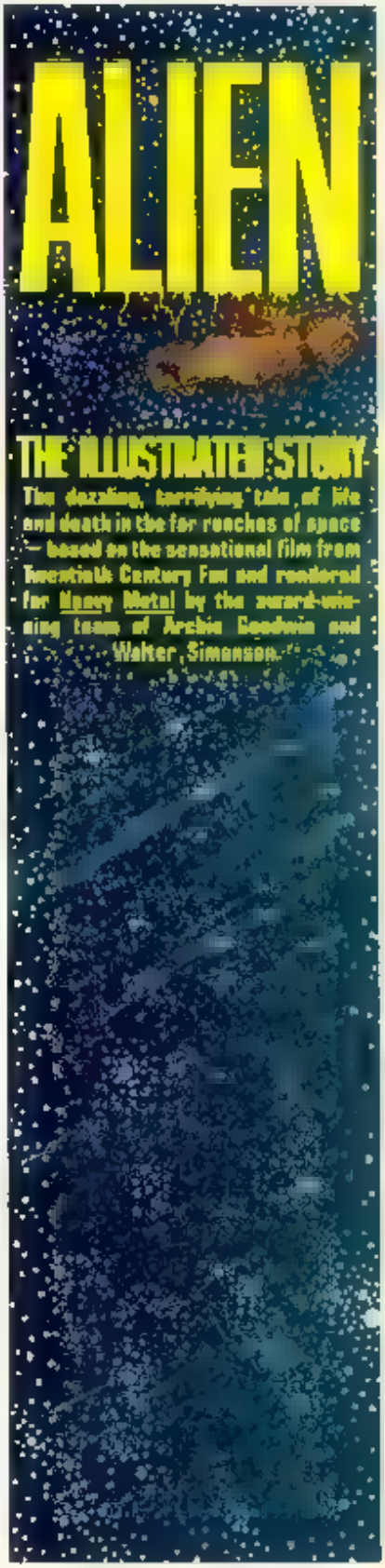
What you don't know is that there's another guy in the world who draws as pretty as Moebius and Corben. His name is Ron Cobb, and he used to be an underground political cartoonist in the sixties. Remember R. Cobb's weekly cartoon in the *L.A. Free Press*? Well, what you don't know is that he has always considered himself a painter and is a life long student of science fiction. In 1969 I walked into his tiny Westwood apartment and saw a mind-bendingly convincingly painting of a twenty-mile starship, which he was doing as an album cover for Jefferson Starship's first album under that name. Tragically he never finished it, and it exists only as a dusty canvas in his closet. But I realized at that moment I had stumbled upon a unique artist. I kept after him for years to do something about it, and he just finished designing *Alien* with H. R. Giger. If you guys want to add another star to your tree you'll get him on the phone and start wheedling with him.

Your readers are in a constant froth over sex in *Heavy Metal*. A certain number of them seem to be overcome with revulsion every time one of Corben's massive weenies flops out, and it ruins their enjoyment of the rest of the magazine. A continual complaint is of pictures of space sirens who look like they want to get fucked. To those people I say: time marches on, kiddo, and art isn't art if it walks at the tail of the column. You can always read the DC Collectors Editions. Personally, I like to fuck.

Keep it up. Your magazine is a work of art and there won't be another one like it for a long, long time.

Al Meffle, Ron Kelson
Dan O'Bannon
L.A. Calif.

Beginning in May...


ALIEN
THE ILLUSTRATED STORY
The dazzling, terrifying tale of life and death in the far reaches of space — based on the sensational film from Twentieth Century Fox and rendered for Heavy Metal by the award-winning team of Archie Goodwin and Walter Simonson.

Watch for
Alien
A Brandywine-Ronald Shusett Production
Produced by Gordon Carroll and David Giler
Directed by Ridley Scott
Screenplay by Dan O'Bannon, Walter Hill and David Giler
Story by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett
From Twentieth Century Fox

WELL HELLO, HELLO, YOUR HONOR! WILL YOU BE BOARDING THE LUX-URMA OF NOUBAH THE GIANT OR THE INTERLUNAR EXPRESS FOR THE PLANETEROID BELT?

MMMM....NO, MAMA-ZELL....

ONLY CONNECT:

ONE-WAY TICKET

MMMM...MY HIGH LEVEL ARCH-OLOGIC RESEARCH CONFIRMS MY THEORY THAT THE LEGEND-ARY LAND, THE MOTHER PLANET, SUN-3, IS NONE OTHER THAN THE PLANET KRASS-PEK, WHICH IS WHERE I WOULD LIKE TO BE SENT...

KRASSPEK?! WHAT! THAT'S IN GALAC-TICA, THE FORBIDDEN ZONE!... THAT'S... I'LL CALL A VECTOR FOR YOU!

THERE YOU ARE: THE VECTOR TENKO TO TAKE CARE OF YOU... BON VOYAGE, YOUR HONOR...

...WAIT!

PIP-PIP!

PIP-PIP-PIP-PIP-PIP! PI

TIKATIK... TOUGH BUNS, OLD BEAN!... THE PERSONNEL TRANSMISSION SYSTEMS FOR KRASSPEK ARE THE OLD BIOTIC STYLE... WE HAVE NO CONTROL OVER THE TERMINAL... TERRIBLY RISKY!

FIE UPON RISK AND DANGER! A MAN'S GOT TO DO WHAT A MAN'S GOT TO DO! TERRA! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT?

OKEY-DOKEY! A ONE-WAY TICKET TO KRASSPEK! THE AGENCY PROMISES YOU TRANSMISSION BUT NO GUARANTEES! NO DEPOSIT, NO RETURN! A DEAL'S A DEAL! ARE WE AGREED?

SPEAK INTO THE PROPHOGRID

CHOP-CHOP!

WE'RE AGREED! OUCH!

SIGNED, SEALED, AND DELIVERED!

MY BATTERIES ARE HEATING UP.

GOOD! LET'S GO, KIDDO! THE TECHNICAL LEVELS THIS WAY!

CREDIT RATING: ZERO... CERTIFIED IN GOOD HEALTH... BEST WISHES ON THE EXPEDITION.

THE BIOTIC EMITTERS ARE ONE THE THIRD SUBLEVEL, SECTOR V.Q.

PIP-PIP

HERE WE ARE. YOU CAN STILL CANCEL YOUR CONTRACT...

NO WAY!

OKEY-DOKEY... GET UNDRESSED! I'LL PREPARE THE BUBBLE FOR YOU, AND YOU CAN LEAVE!

GETA MOVE ON, KIDDO! THE BUBBLE IS A GOOD ONE, AND I'M GETTING RUSTY! TIKATIK, CREAK...

HOW DO THESE BIOTIC THINGAMAJIGS WORK? ARE THEY DANGEROUS?

IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE TERMINAL RECEPTOR... YOU TAKE YOUR CHANCES. YOU CAN STILL FORGET THE WHOLE THING.

NO, NO! I'VE DECIDED I'M LEAVING! TERRA WILL BE WORTH ALL THE RISKS!

LET'S GO, KIDDO! STAND ON THE EDGE OF THE POOL!

PIP-PIP

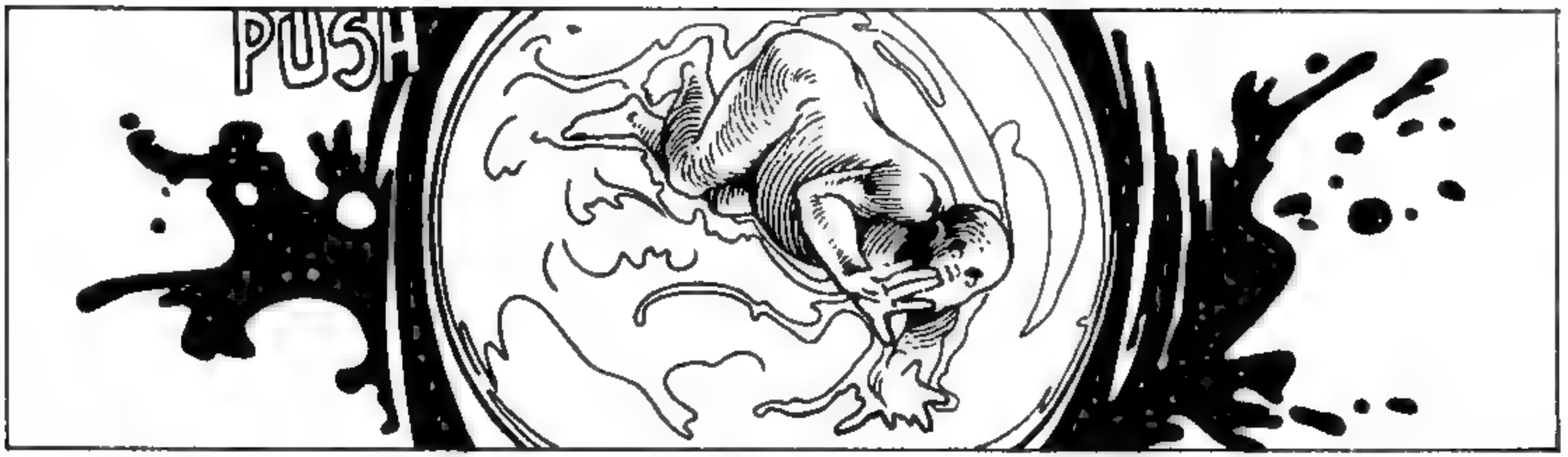
TERRA TURNS ME ON

I- HOLD YOUR BREATH!
II- JUMP INTO THE BUBBLE!
III- PUSH YOURSELF TOWARD THE EXIT!
IV- LEAVE... AND YOU 'RE THERE...

PIP-PIP-PIP-PIP

GET GOING, KIDDO! CHOP-CHOP!
I- BREATH DEEP
II- JUMP!!

III- PUSH YOURSELF


PUSH

PUSH

PUSH

IT'S A BOY! WELCOME TO THE WORLD, YOUNG MAN!
ALIAS 77
THE BEGINNING

NO LOVE LOST

NIGHTFALL SUSPENDS THESE STRANGE AND BRUTAL POLICE TACTICS IN THE HEART OF THE SUPERCITY

-ENOUGH FOR TODAY, ORDERS THE MAN WHO APPEARS TO BE THEIR CHIEF WE'LL CONTINUE OUR INVESTIGATIONS TOMORROW.

-THERE THE PATROL'S LEAVING. WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE!
-THIS CAN'T GO ON! MURMURS ALEX

-I MUST LEAVE, LINDA
-HAVE YOU GONE TOTALLY MAD?! SHE GASPS.

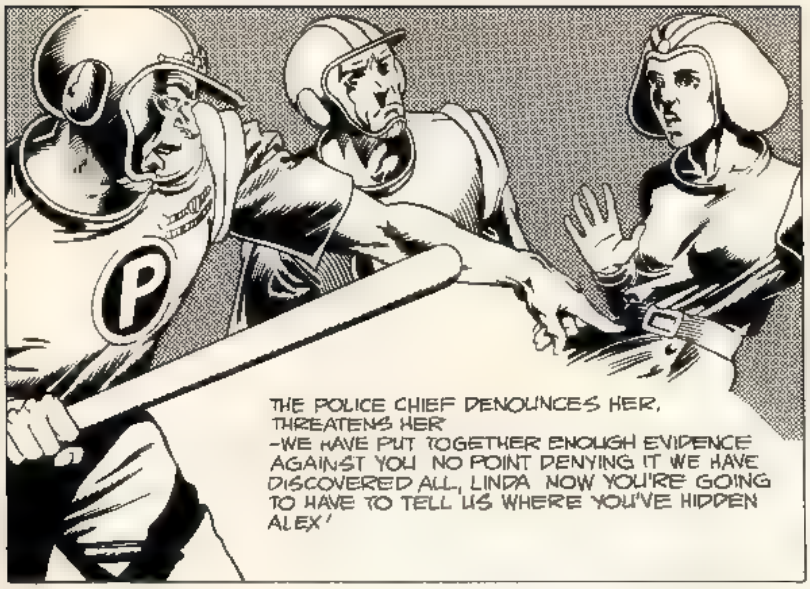
I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, ALEX...

-NO, IT'S BETTER THIS WAY FOR TOO LONG I HAVE PUT YOUR LIFE IN DANGER BY STAYING HERE THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE FOR ME, LINDA

ALEX PLUNGES OFF INTO THE JUNGLE THAT SURROUNDS THE SUPERCITY

LINDA FALLS INTO A DEEP SLEEP, CRUSHED BY HER TERRIBLE GRIEF AND FAILS TO HEAR THE REPEATED KNOCKS AT HER DOOR

LINDA WAKES WITH A START TWO MEN HAVE BURST INTO THE ROOM
-OH GOD, NO! IT'S THE CHIEF OF POLICE!


THE POLICE CHIEF DENOUNCES HER, THREATENS HER
-WE HAVE PUT TOGETHER ENOUGH EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU NO POINT DENYING IT WE HAVE DISCOVERED ALL, LINDA NOW YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TELL US WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN ALEX!

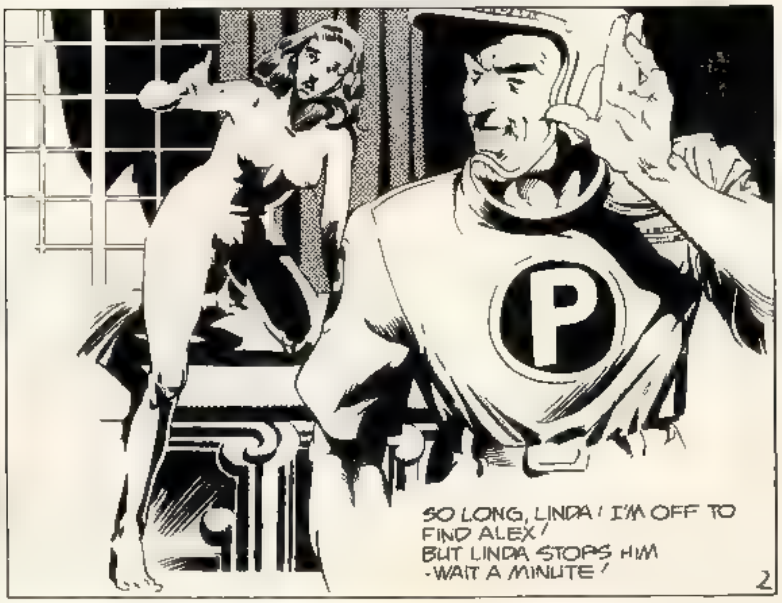
GIVE US ALEX, OR COME ACROSS!
HMMMM I CAN'T BETRAY ALEX

WHILE ALL THIS IS GOING ON, A ROCKET FLYING OVER THE JUNGLE FINDS ITSELF IN TROUBLE.

. LINDA AGREES TO COME ACROSS RATHER THAN BETRAY ALEX

THE SPACESHIP CRASHES INTO THE JUNGLE .

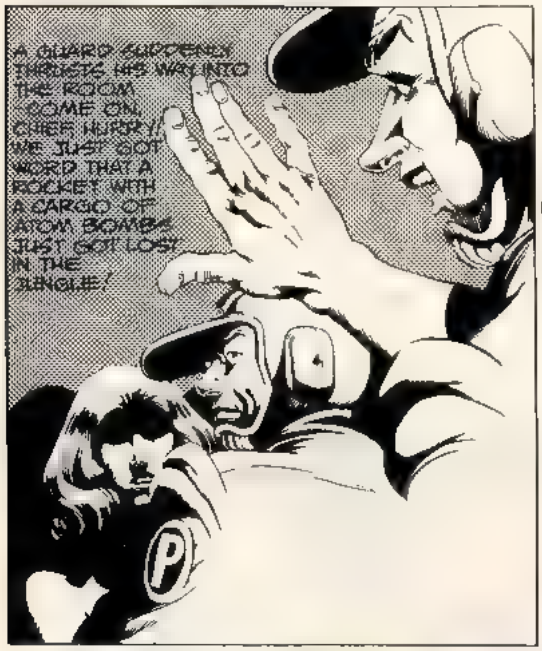
AND ALEX NOTICES THE SPACESHIP CRASHING INTO THE JUNGLE


SO LONG, LINDA! I'M OFF TO FIND ALEX!
BUT LINDA STOPS HIM
-WAIT A MINUTE!

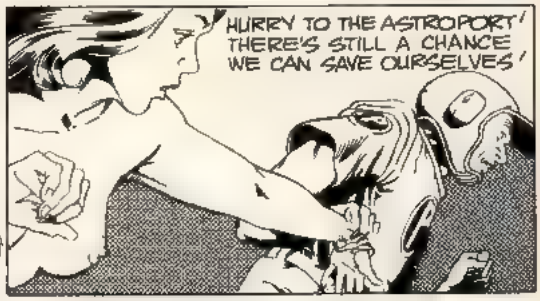
ALEX ARRIVES AT THE SIGHT OF THE WRECK.

WHY ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ALEX?
HE'S A DANGEROUS PSYCHOPATH! HE WANTS TO BLOW UP THE PLANET!

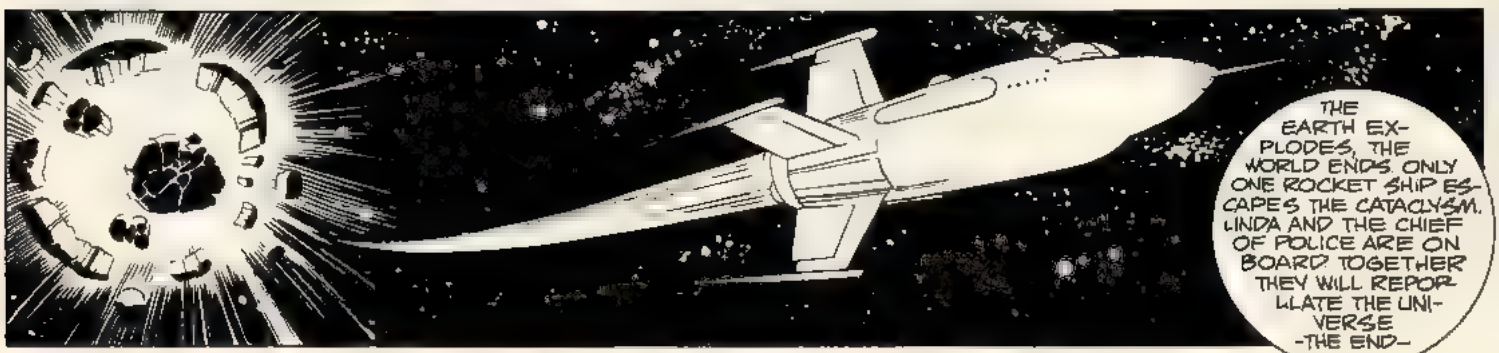
MEANWHILE, ALEX DISCOVERS SOMETHING IN THE SPACESHIP!


A GUARD SUDDENLY THRUSTS HIS WAY INTO THE ROOM
COME ON, CHIEF HURRY! WE JUST GOT WORD THAT A ROCKET WITH A CARGO OF ATOM BOMBS JUST GOT LOST IN THE JUNGLE!

-OH, BUT ALEX JUST LEFT FOR THE JUNGLE!
-WHAT! ROARS THE POLICE CHIEF!


HURRY TO THE ASTROPORT! THERE'S STILL A CHANCE WE CAN SAVE OURSELVES!

ALEX ACCOMPLISHES HIS DEMONIC TASK


THE EARTH EXPLODES, THE WORLD ENDS ONLY ONE ROCKET SHIP ESCAPES THE CATACLYSM. LINDA AND THE CHIEF OF POLICE ARE ON BOARD TOGETHER THEY WILL REPOPULATE THE UNIVERSE
-THE END-

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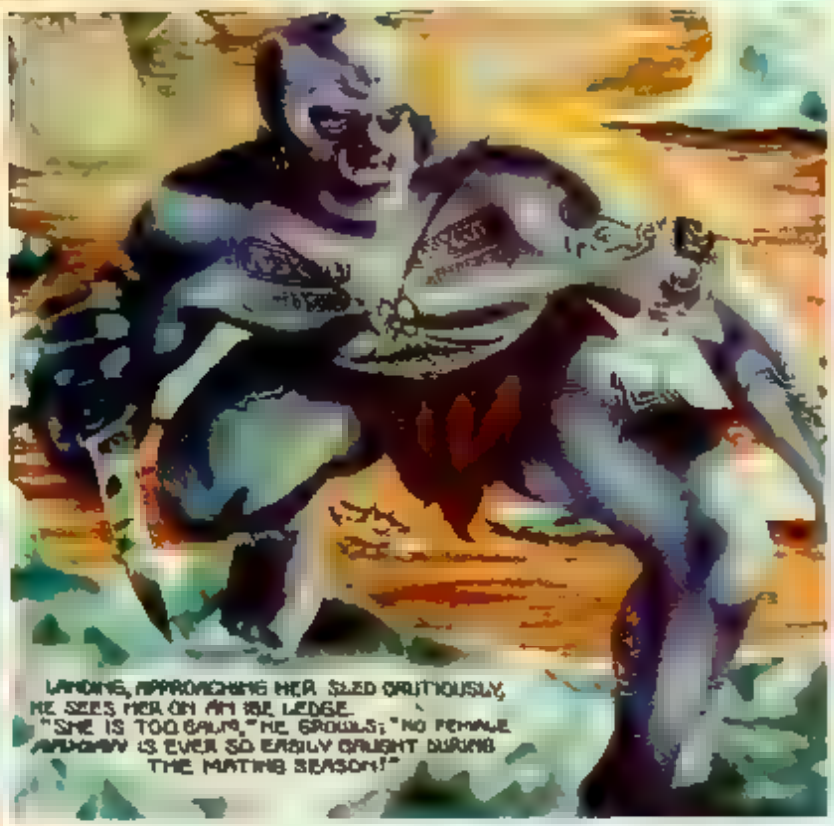
PYLOON

in

BREAKING THE ICE

PART: RAY RUE SCRIPT: LEO GROUX, JR.

AT ONE OF THE POLES OF THE PLANET ARAX [illegible] PURSUES OAL, A FEMALE OF HIS SPECIES.



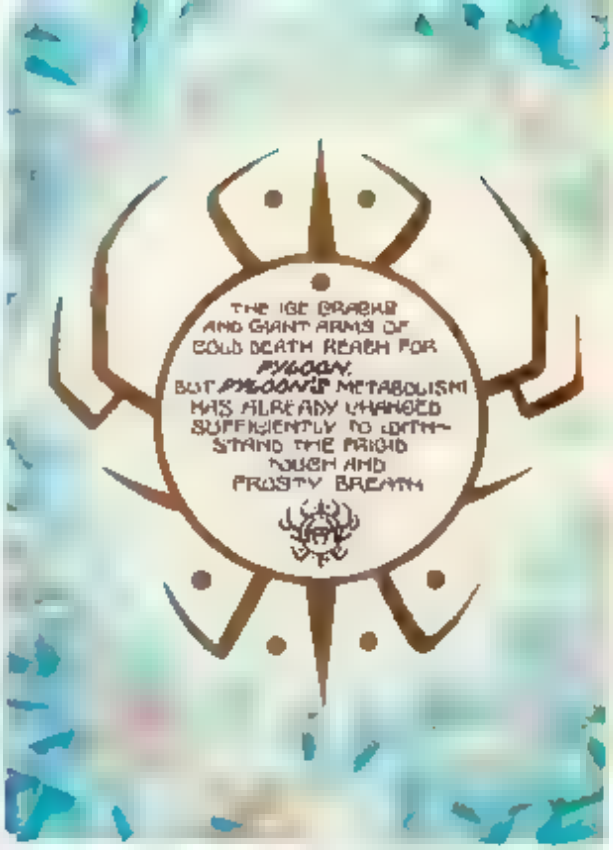
LANDING, APPROACHING HER SLED CAUTIOUSLY, HE SEES HER ON AN ICE LEDGE. "SHE IS TOO SAUR," HE GROWLS; "NO FEMALE ARAXIAN IS EVER SO EASILY CAUGHT DURING THE MATING SEASON!"

THEN HE REALIZES THAT SHE IS MEDITATING ON ONE OF THE ARBANE HIEROGLYPHICS ON HER FLANK. THESE PSYCHIC SYMBOLS OF THE ARAXIAN SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE ARE POWERFUL. THERE IS NO WAY HE CAN TRANSLATE HER PARTICULAR GLYPHS. IS SHE PONDERING HIS DOOM?

HE NOTICES THE SPECTRAL SHIFT FROM PURPLE TO THE DARKER YELLOW. THE ARM BAND GRAFTED ON HIM FROM CHILDHOOD PROCEEDS TO ADJUST HIS METABOLISM.

A GLYPH NEAR HIS STOMACH SPEAKS TO HIM PSYCHICALLY, AND JUST IN TIME HE NOTES THE COLOR SHIFT HAS AROUSED...

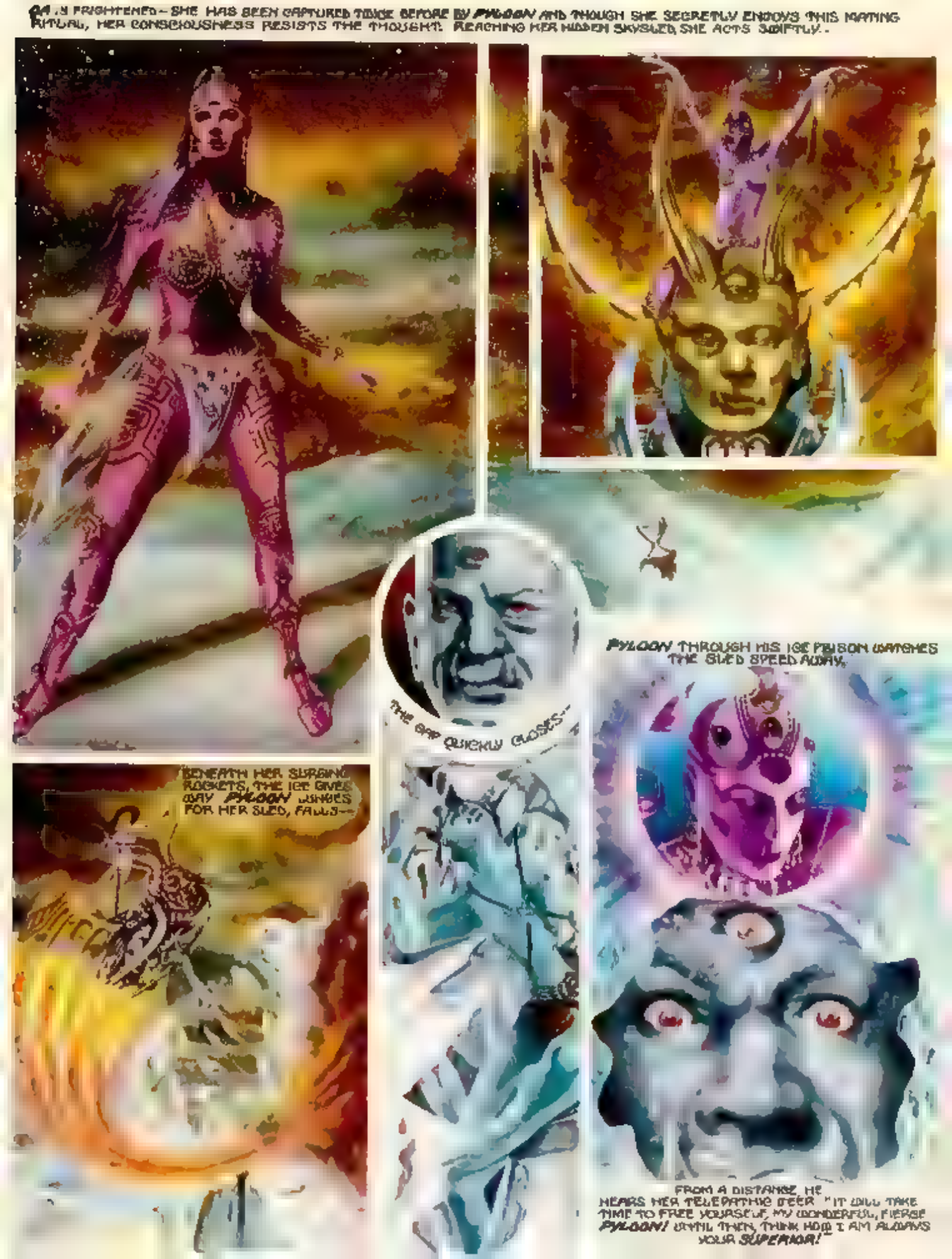
NUURGAAH!
NUURGAAH IS TO BE HER PROTECTOR.
NUURGAAH!
..WHO SLEEPS THROUGH MANY LIFE-TIMES -- WHO COLLECTS FOOD THAT HE PACKS IN ICE FOR A FUTURE TIME!


THE ICE CRACKS AND GIANT ARMS OF COLD DEATH REACH FOR PYLOON.
BUT PYLOON'S METABOLISM HAS ALREADY CHANGED SUFFICIENTLY TO WITHSTAND THE FROST
TOUCH AND FROSTY BREATH

"HA, PYLOON! NOW YOU LEARN THAT OUR AMAZIAN WOMEN ARE ELUSIVE! EACH MATING SEASON WE SEEK TO ESCAPE— AND IF YOU MALES CATCH A ONE OF US, WE ESCAPE AS SOON AS WE CAN AGAIN! WE ARE THE SUPERIOR ONES!"

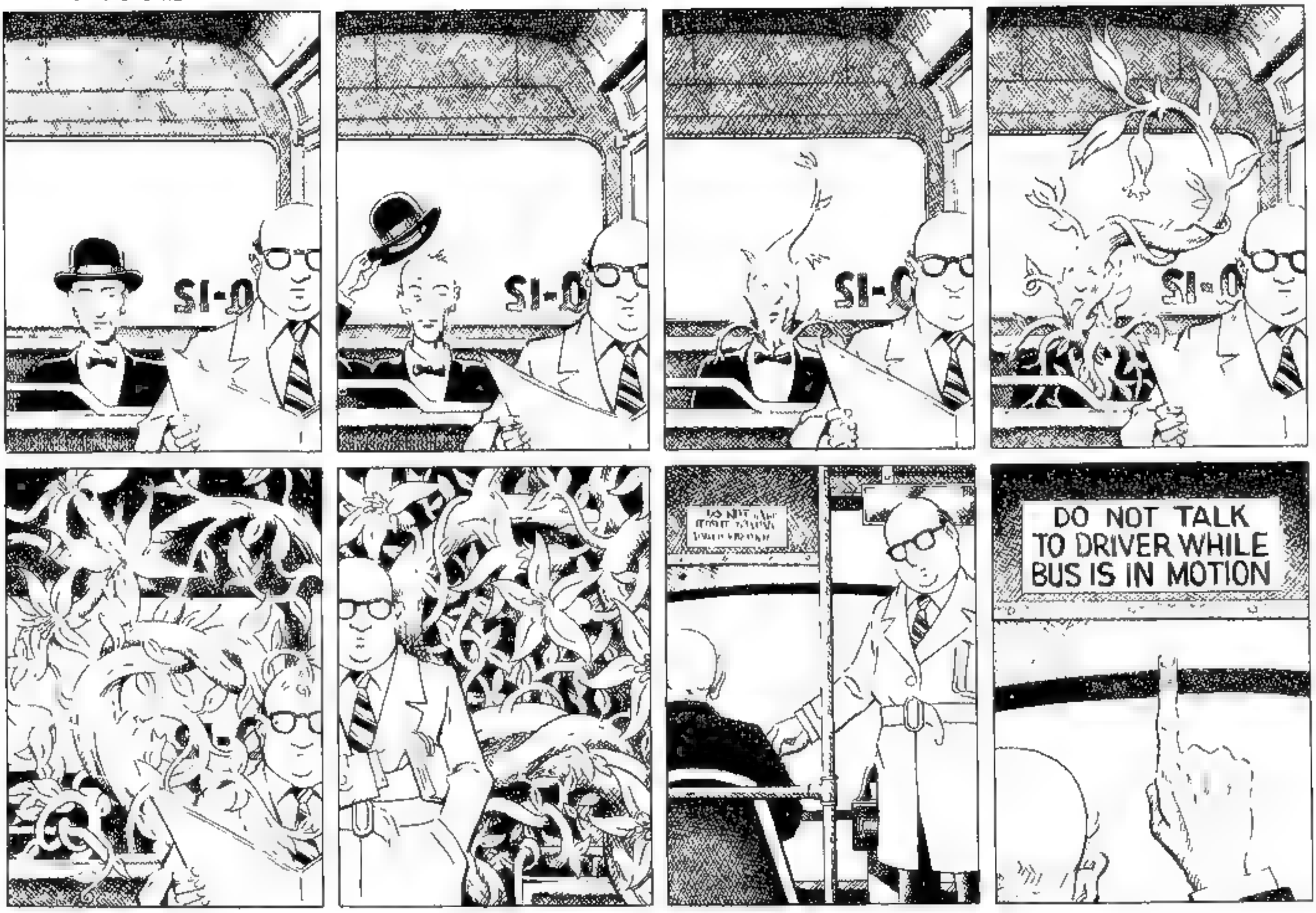
PYLOON IS RAGING! HE IS COMBATING MURABARRH BUT ALSO IS TORTURED BY THE SIGHT OF QA!

THEN AS HE WEAKENS, HE SEES THE SAVOGENE BERG WITH A BETELGEUSEAN CLAT BREAKING OUT.
HE LEAPS FREE FROM NUURGRAAH'S GRASP
AND SHATTERS THE ICE MORE BY HURTLING HIMSELF AT THE FISSURE. AS THE CLAT FREES ITSELF, NUURGRAAH CONCENTRATES ON SAVING HIS FOOD SUPPLY. PYLAON RACES FOR OAR!


ALWAYS FRIGHTENED—SHE HAS BEEN CAPTURED TWICE BEFORE BY PYLOON AND THOUGH SHE SECRETLY ENJOYS THIS MATING RITUAL, HER CONSCIOUSNESS RESISTS THE THOUGHT. REACHING HER HIDDEN SKYSLED, SHE ACTS SWIFTLY.
THE GAP QUICKLY CLOSES—
BENEATH HER SURGING ROCKETS, THE ICE GIVES WAY. PYLOON LUNGES FOR HER SLED, FALLS—
PYLOON THROUGH HIS ICE PRISON WATCHES THE SLED SPEED AWAY.
FROM A DISTANCE, HE HEARS HER TELEPATHIC BEEP. "IT WILL TAKE TIME TO FREE YOURSELF, MY WONDERFUL, FIERCE PYLOON! UNTIL THEN, THINK HOW I AM ALWAYS YOUR SUPERIOR!"

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



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WILLIAM MORROW

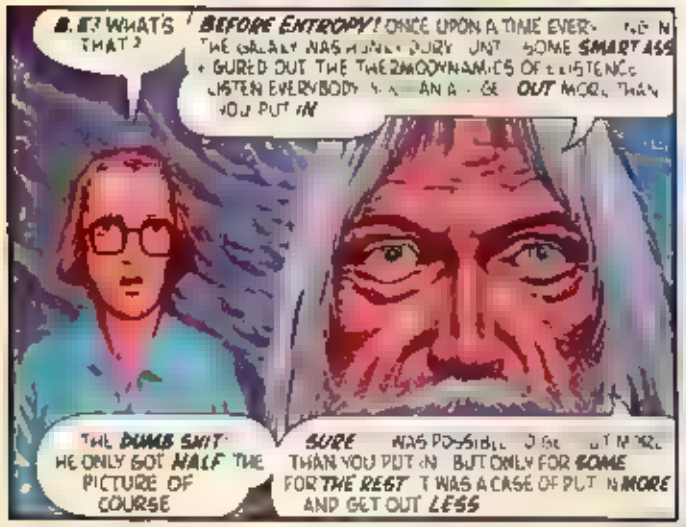
SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

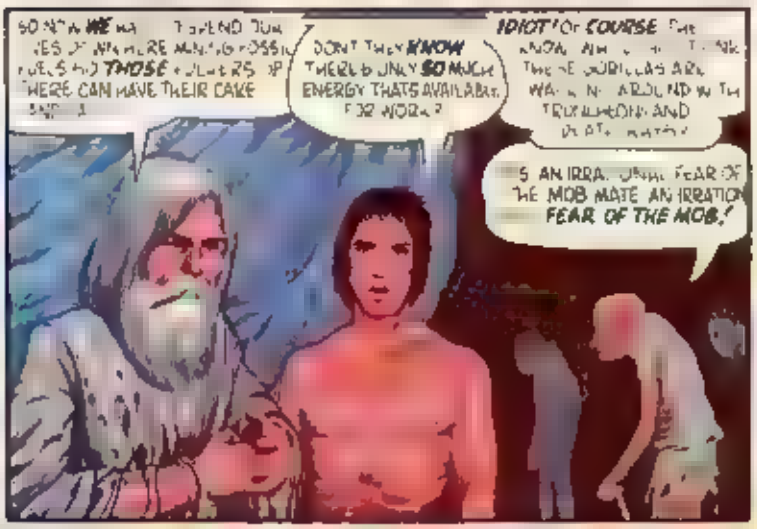
PUT THE ROBOT AND THE TWO ALIENS ON THE CHAIN GANG
I'VE GOT A SPECIAL TASK FOR THESE TWO HUMANS
OKAY YOU FOUR-EYES HAVE TO CARRY THOSE STONE BLOCKS OVER TO THERE
AND YOU BIG BOY HAVE TO CARRY THEM BACK AGAIN
HA HA HA HA HA HA
JUMP TO IT BY THE END OF THE SHIFT I WANT TO SEE EVERY STONE THERE IN EXACTLY THE SAME POSITIONS AS THEY ARE NOW!
HA HA HA HA!
HEY HEY MAN WHAT'S THE SCORE? ONLY THE SCUM GET SENT DOWN HERE THE DEPRAVED AND CORRUPT MASOCHISTS SODOMITES, NECROPHILIACS I'M A PEDERAST WHAT YOU IN HERE FOR?
ACH IDEALISM
YAAAA! IDEALISTS GASP! KEEP AWAY EVERYBODY!
BREAK TIME! Y'GOT A HALF A CYCLE TO FEAST ON THIS RARE DELICACY

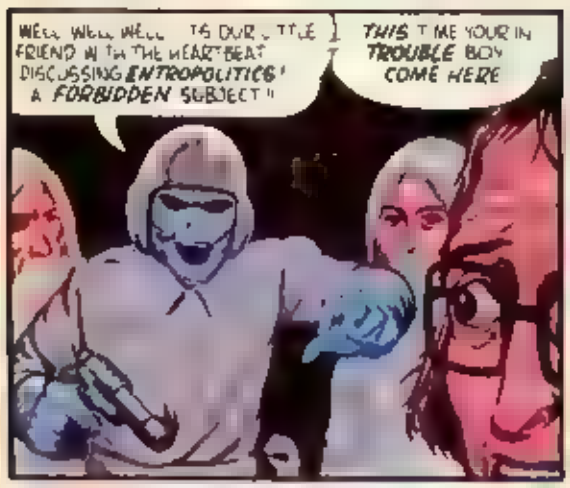
YOU EARTHMEN! ALWAYS CAUSING TROUBLE GET OVER THERE WITH YOUR OWN KIND
IN THE CORNER WITH DOSTOYEVSKY AND TOLSTOY!
!?
DRINK THIS, MY SON
AND THAT WAS HOW WAS ALL FAKED IT WAS MUCH THE SAME WITH FYODOR MIKHAILOVICH HERE DARK WAS THE NIGHT COLD WAS THE GROUND FLYING SAUCERS AND BEAUTIFUL WOMEN YOU KNOW THE REST
BUT I THOUGHT YOU HAVE RID OF OLD AGE BY NOW?
NO SUCH LUCK THERES A MYSTERIOUS QUALITY OF THE ATMOSPHERE HERE HUMAN LIFE IS EXTENDED INDEFINITELY
SORRY BOYS BUT THERE'S NO LIMIT TO THE AMOUNT OF SUFFERING AN EAD OF YOU
BREAK TIME IS OVER GET BACK TO WORK YOU BOY! COME HERE
YOU WERE TWO MICROSECONDS SLOW IN GETTING ON YOUR FEET WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BEING TWO MICROSECONDS SLOW? YOU HUMAN BEINGS YOU REALLY GET ON MY NERVES JUST BECAUSE YOU WALK ERECT AND HAVE DEVELOPED SELF CONSCIOUSNESS YOU THINK YOU'RE IT DON'T YOU? GODS GIFT TO THE UNIVERSE
YOU THINK HAVING RED BLOOD MAKES YOU THE TOPS GREEN IS JUST NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU, IS IT? OH NO IT HAS TO BE RED AND WHAT'S MORE WARM TOO!! YECCH! YOU HOMO SAPIENS YOU MAKE ME PUKE!
MY GUT WRETCHES WHEN I GET SENSORS ON YOU! AND YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE ?!!
YOUR HEARTBEAT ANNOYS ME
ER! SORRY!

SORRY! SORRY! AHA HA HA HA HA! DID YOU HEAR THAT?
HE'S SORRY!
WHY YOU MISERABLE LITTLE TURD IF YOU WERE REALLY SORRY YOU'D DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT NOW WOULDN'T YOU?
YOU JUST BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP YOU MANGY MAMMAL I'M GONNA BE LOOKIN' FOR YOU FROM NOW ON
HE LORD NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I SEE
OOOHH MY ACHING BACK MY POOR ARMS MY LEGS MY FINGERS MY FINGERNAILS
YOU'LL GET USED TO IT PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE SO NUMB YOU WON'T EVEN KNOW YOU'RE IN PAIN
THE DAYS WILL BLUR INTO WEEKS THE WEEKS INTO YEARS THE YEARS CENTURIES CENTURIES MILLENNIA MILLENNIA INFINITY MUMBLE MUMBLE GIGGLE BURP THE DAYS WILL BLUR INTO WEEKS THE WEEKS INTO YEARS THE YEARS
DON LET HIM BOTHER YOU SURE THINGS ARE BAD BUT THEY COULD BE WORSE. WE GET FILMS FROM EARTH TWICE A WEEK
LAST WEEK IT WAS WINGS OF THE ROAD BY WIM WENDERS AND THIS SPORTING LIFE BY LINDSAY ANDERSON AND ALL NEXT MONTH WE'RE GETTING KUROSAWA AND MIZOGUCHI FILMS
AND I STILL REMEMBER THE TIME I FIRST SAW FIVE EASY PIECES WOW! COULDN'T'VE GOT THROUGH THE WEEK WITHOUT IT
WE GET MOVIES EVERY SO OFTEN WHEN THEY SMUGGLE IN WHOLE LOADS OF CONTRABAND FROM EARTH YOU SHOULD SEE THE GUARDS QUARTERS ONE ARMED BAND TO POOL TABLES COLOR TV'S THE WORKS

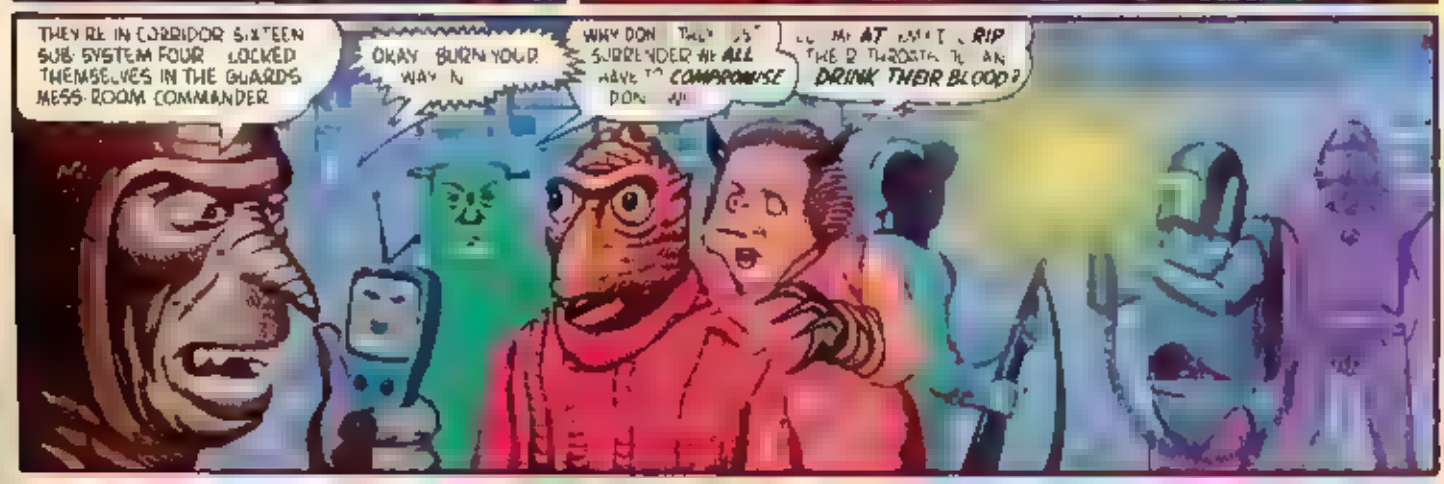
HEY WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS?
AUTOMATIC POWERS AND DEFLECTORS WE'VE BUILT IN CIRCUITS TO GIVE THEM A SORT OF ROUDMENTARY AWARENESS WE'VE ALWAYS PROTECTED AGAINST THE NEGATIVE HUMAN LABOUR DON'T BLAME THEM MYSELF ABOUT THIRTY YEARS AGO THEY DID ALL THIS WORK


B.E? WHAT'S THAT?
BEFORE ENTROPY! ONCE UPON A TIME EVERYONE IN THE GALAXY WAS HONEST DUTY UNTO SOME SMART ASS FIGURED OUT THE THERMODYNAMICS OF EXISTENCE LISTEN EVERYBODY YOU CAN ONLY GET OUT MORE THAN YOU PUT IN
THE DUMB SHIT HE ONLY GOT HALF THE PICTURE OF COURSE
SURE IT WAS POSSIBLE TO GET OUT MORE THAN YOU PUT IN BUT ONLY FOR SOME FOR THE REST IT WAS A CASE OF PUT IN MORE AND GET OUT LESS

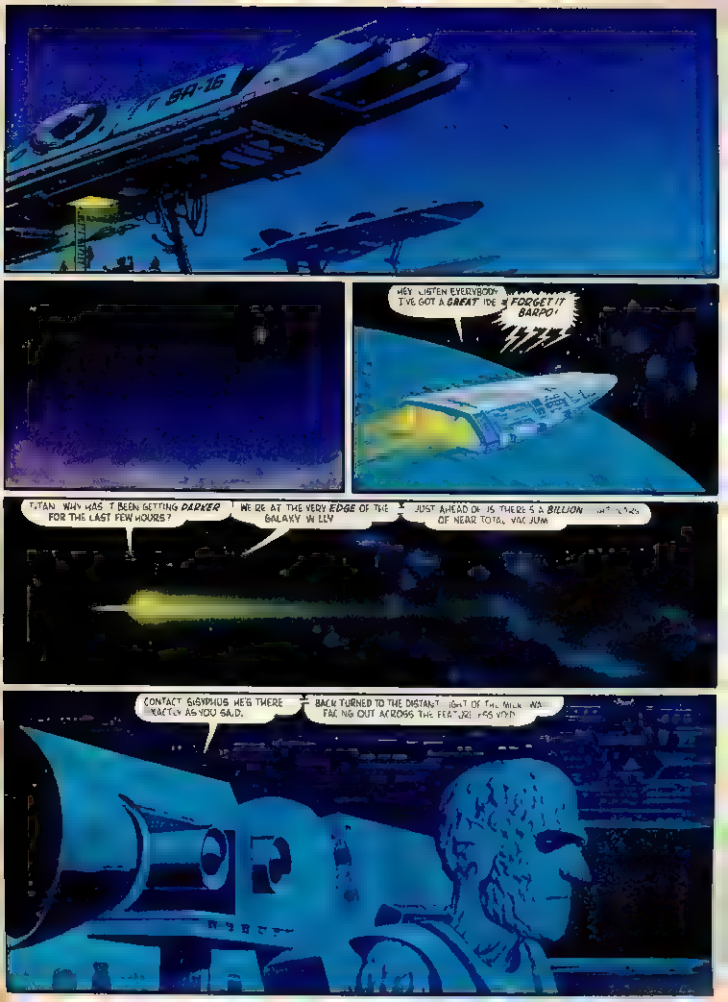

SO WHEN WE WERE TRYING TO FIND OUT WHERE MANKIND'S POSSIBLE FUTURES WERE THOSE PLANETS WHERE CAN HAVE THEIR CAKE AND
DON'T THEY KNOW THERE'S ONLY SO MUCH ENERGY THAT'S AVAILABLE FOR WORK?
IDIOT! OF COURSE THEY KNOW AND THAT'S WHY THESE GUYS ARE WALKING AROUND IN THEIR UNDERWEAR AND DON'T WANT
IS AN IRRATIONAL FEAR OF THE MOB MATE AN IRRATIONAL FEAR OF THE MOB!


WELL WELL WELL IS OUR LITTLE FRIEND IN THE HEARTBEAT DISCUSSING ENTROPOLITICS! A FORBIDDEN SUBJECT!!
THIS TIME YOUR IN TROUBLE BOY COME HERE

RUN EVERYBODY


THEY'RE IN CORRIDOR SIXTEEN SUB SYSTEM FOUR LOCKED THEMSELVES IN THE GUARDS MESS ROOM COMMANDER
OKAY BURN YOUR WAY IN
WHY DON'T THEY JUST SURRENDER WE ALL HAVE TO COMPROMISE DON
WE'RE NOT RIP THE THROATS OUT AND DRINK THEIR BLOOD?

HEY THESE FELLAS REALLY KNOW HOW TO LIVE LOOK AT THIS SNAZZY H F
I'VE FOUND SOME SWELL TUNES IN THIS JOINT
YESS
I'M DOWN THE
HEY THEY'RE PLAYING OUR TUNE
I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS
BUB WAT SONG WERE BREAKS ME UP!
WHERE THE TREETOPS GLISTEN...
IT FIGURES WITH ALL THOSE DEATH-RAYS AND MIND-SHIELDS THAT INDESTRUCTIBLE ARMOUR AND OVERBEARING MACHISMO THEY JUST HAD TO BE INSUFFERABLE ROMANTICS UNDERNEATH
HEY! LEO NIKOLAVEVICH FYODOR MIKHAILOVICH! C'MON THIS IS YOUR CHANCE!
ER WERE NOT COMING WITH YOU WILLY LEO AND I HAVE DEE DED TO STAY
STAY! I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I'M GAUCHE IF I ASK WHY?!
THAT'S A SIMPLE QUESTION TO ASK WILLY AND A VERY DIFFICULT ONE TO ANSWER TELL HIM FYODOR
ECCE PALINURE! "THE GOOD THAT I WOULD I DO NOT" BUT THE EVIL WHICH I WOULD NOT THAT I DO ROMANS CHAPTER SEVEN VERSE NINETEEN
THERE'S NO ANSWER TO THAT IS THERE?
WELL GOOD LUCK AS LONG AS YOU CAN KEEP TALL TOGETHER YOURE WINNING I SUPPOSE


SA-16
HEY LISTEN EVERYBODY I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA
FORGET IT BARPO!
TITAN WHY HAS IT BEEN GETTING DARKER FOR THE LAST FEW HOURS?
WE'RE AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE GALAXY WILLY
JUST AHEAD OF US THERE'S A BILLION
CONTACT GISPHIUS WE'RE THERE
BACK TURNED TO THE DISTANT

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